THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

PARLIAMENT has been busily occupied during the week, though there has been no event so abnormal as the all-night sitting. On Monday the Government was morally defeated in the House of Commons on the question of the pay of the Indian contingent for the Soudan, which we discuss elsewhere. The Ministerial Whips made unusual efforts, and induced some Unionists to vote contrary to their convictions, and others to abstain who had determined to vote against the Government. Only twenty-six Irish members took part in the division. Mr. Redmond and his followers deliberately abstained —why, it is difficult to understand—and two-thirds of the "orthodox" Nationalists were absent unpaired. The normal Government majority would therefore have been over 200, and the actual result can only be explained by supposing that, in addition to the Unionists who preferred principle to party, some seventy others deliberately abstained from voting. It is ten years at least since on a party division, taken with full warning, and made a question of confidence, there has been so great a defection from a Ministerial majority.

NOTHING could demonstrate more clearly than this debate the incompetence which pervades the present Administration. In spite of the strong and unanimous protests of the people and Government of India, in spite of the candid disapprobation of their supporters, and the emphatic protests of their organs in the Press, the Government decided to support Lord George Hamilton's foolish and disingenuous proposal, and to compel the Government of India to pay for our erratic expedition into the Soudan. The pretence that the advance to Dongola is undertaken to secure the safety of the Suez Canal, on which contention in one form or another the Government mainly relied, is too ludicrous to require refutation. Mr. Balfour's argument, eked out by a characteristic sneer at the "City point of view" of those Conservatives who opposed the resolution, that the charging of this "absolutely insignificant item" to India will tend to draw the two countries together, is too casuistical to need reply. The reiteration of the statement that Liberal Governments had asked India to contribute to Imperial expenses before is no defence, even if any parallel could be established, for the present exasperating demand. The Government majority fell to 85, and even that vote was only secured by an unusual strain on their party's allegiance. It is pretty clear, in spite of this victory, that this shabby transaction will not be repeated, and that the precedent so unfortunately set will not lightly be followed by future Administrations.

TUESDAY, Wednesday, and Thursday were devoted to the Finance Bill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been lucky in his colleagues. The enormities of his Budget, which would have been apparent in any other year, have been more or less overshadowed by the startling proposals contained in the Bills of Sir John Gorst, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Walter Long. Many of the amendments which recur annually on Budget Bills, such as the abolition of the tea duty, and the further graduation of the income tax, are of a kind which, though theoretically defensible, can only become practically possible when they are adopted by the Government of the day. They are useful as a means of propagandism, but cannot otherwise be considered of importance. The novelties in the Budget naturally came in for more serious criticism. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has not ventured to openly reverse Sir William Harcourt's legislation as to the estate duty. He has rather left it to Mr. Chaplin to give the landlords a much larger sum than the Liberal Government took away from them. But he has also tried to mitigate the charges upon our "splendid paupers" by some of the proposals in his Budget. Of these the least objectionable is the exemption from estate duty of objects of scientific or historical value held in settlement. The sum involved is only £100,000 a year, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to secure that the pictures or private museums exempted from duty should be open to a limited extent to public inspection, the money might not be ill-spent. But the difficulties of deciding as to what pictures are of historical value will be very great.

THE reduction of the Land Tax to a maximum of a shilling in the pound is a much more serious matter. Since the Land Tax was made perpetual by Mr. Pitt, nearly a century ago, it has been in effect not so much a tax as a redeemable charge on the land. The quota payable by every parish or other smaller Land Tax area has been unalterable, unless in any such area the quota amounted to more than four shillings in the pound on the annual value. There were variations from time to time, as buildings increased, within the Land Tax areas, and of recent years many landlords have secured a reduction of their annual burdens by insisting on such a re-valuation. Thus

the charge was not exactly a fixed charge, but it was a charge which could only vary between comparatively narrow limits. Purchasers took it into account in buying land in much the same way as they took tithe rent-charge into account, and the clergy have some reason to be alarmed when they see landlords partially relieved from a charge precisely analogous to that which is the main support of the Establishment. Those landowners who have redeemed their land-tax by large capital payments in the belief that they could get relief in no other way will feel, to put it vulgarly, "sold." The land redeemed during the last half-century has chiefly been land which it was intended to devote to industrial purposes. Thus railway companies invariably redeemed the land-tax on lands which they had acquired before the railway was constructed. They could do so by paying thirty-three years' purchase of the annual value as fixed at the last assessment, when the lands were still agricultural, and the same inducement made the prudent builder redeem land-tax before he began to build. Thus the landlords who will now be relieved will be almost invariably those who have never troubled to apply their land to industrial purposes. In some parts of East Anglia, of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire, they will gain as much as 15 per cent. on their annual value by the New Budget.

TAKE the case of a squire in one of the counties we have named. His net rental is, in round figures, £2,000 a year, after allowing for remissions, and the valuation is about the same. About half his rental goes in maintenance and family charges. If Mr. Chaplin's Bill had not passed he would have had to give another £100 at least in remissions next September. This he will be able to avoid. He pays in land-tax about £350 a year; for the future he will only have to pay £100. Thus his net income, which would in ordinary course have been only £550 next year, will actually be £900. What is this but so much "boodle"?

THE House of Lords this week has passed two of the most objectionable of the Ministerial measures of the Session. On Tuesday the Diseases of Animals Bill was read a third time, after an ineffectual attempt by Lord Herschell to get a proviso inserted allowing the importation of cattle from countries declared to be free from disease on an Address to the Crown from either House of Parliament. This proviso, of course, was rejected—by 108 to 26—and so the up-to-date farmer who fattens store cattle, raised under better economic conditions in other countries, is sacrificed to old-fashioned competitors. Moreover, we know how much the House of Lords cares about the welfare of Canada and the Imperial Zollverein. On Thursday the Agricultural Rating Bill was passed after a debate lasting two hours and a half. Lord Harris, the very minor Ministerial luminary to whom it was entrusted, frankly confessed that he did not exactly know whom the money would benefit, but he supposed the benefit would be divided among the three classes interested in agriculture. One wonders where the labourer comes in, and how the benefit can be appreciable to anyone but the landlord. Lord Farrer and Lord Rosebery made forcible protests against the Bill, and Lord Salisbury, like M. Méline in France, championed the distressed agriculturist and owner of real property against the owner of personalty.

AFTER a period of considerable hesitation due to imperfect acquaintance with the subject, the Duke of Devonshire has at last fallen into line with all the educational experts in the country, and has introduced a Bill to provide for the establishment of a teaching university in London. The President of the Council has, in fact, declined to be misled by a spurious agitation into undoing the work of the past ten years, and has decided at this late period of the Session to adopt the policy of the last Government, and to introduce a measure founded on Lord Playfair's plan. It is rather a pity that the Duke did not arrive at this conclusion six months ago, and introduce his Bill at a period of the Session when there was some possibility of its passing into law. It is something, however, to have secured the admission that the Education Office approve of Lord Playfair's plan, and to have obtained the sanction of the Government to the proposal for a Statutory Commission to give effect to Lord Cowper's report. The Duke proposes to give to his Commission "a somewhat wider discretion" than Lord Playfair advised; but no one will object to this modification, if it serves to disarm objections. The great thing is that an end should be put to the prolonged delays upon this subject, and that by the long-desired reform of the University of London "a very great anomaly, almost approaching to a scandal," should be removed.

EVERY Liberal, and even some Unionists, will welcome Mr. Villiers's manifesto on the question of Free Trade. It is difficult to read without impatience the outbursts of employers like Lord Masham in the *Times*, denouncing as ruinous and fatal a system which has enabled them to make some of the largest fortunes of their day. In the quarter of the century which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws, our export trade, Mr. Villiers points out, increased to nearly three times what it was before, and it has again more than doubled since. Our import trade during the last fifty years has increased even more remarkably than this. On every side the veteran Repealer is able to point to increased prosperity and augmented wealth. Even the lessened value of agricultural land is far more than compensated by the increased value of house property. Even the sufferings of agriculturists——no new thing in English history—are far more than counterbalanced by the increased prosperity of the dwellers in the towns. Mr. Villiers's proud, complacent survey, is amply justified by the striking facts he quotes. We commend those facts to Tory politicians, belated economists, and discontented millionaires.

THE celebrations of the Fourth of July this year in England were naturally invested with a special significance. Mr. Bayard's admirable speech at the American dinner widened this celebration so as to anticipate that achievement of international arbitration for which we all cordially hope. Mr. Bryce strongly insisted on the community of history, of sympathies, and of ideas between the two great branches of the English-speaking world, and made the excellent suggestion that Englishmen should no longer be legally aliens in America, or Americans in England. There are precedents, we may remark, for this sort of relation in the history of that Hellenic race whose essential unity amid its political diversity is but one of the most striking features of ancient history, and seems, according to the forecast made at another celebration of the day by Sir Walter Besant, to anticipate the future condition of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. This latter meeting extended the celebration to cover the unity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, whatever their future political relations may prove to be. These meetings, together with the welcome given to the Honourable Artillery Company of Boston this week, may fairly be set against the denunciations of us at the Chicago Convention and the blunders of our own Foreign Office. It is mutual ignorance that has

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always led to our misunderstandings with America. And if the Western men and Lord Salisbury set up another misunderstanding it will be due to mutual ignorance again.

THE great municipal awakening which is so remarkable and so tardy a completion of English self-government was celebrated on Wednesday evening in London and in Birmingham alike. At the dinner "to meet the London County Council," given by Sir Arthur Arnold at the Hôtel Métropole, political allusions were plentiful, but purely humorous. In the presence of, and in reply to, the Minister chiefly responsible for the existence of the London County Council, Lord Rosebery dwelt on the remarkable daring of Mr. Ritchie's experiment—a daring, it may be added, of which the experimenter and his friends were quite unconscious at the time. In no other country, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, would so democratic and so powerful a body have been created at one stroke. But it has justified its creation; it has been "strong, vigorous, and pure"; it utilises the business experience of the Peerage in a way to which no objection can be taken, and it has attracted representatives from all classes of the population of London. Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham—which was celebrating its acquisition of a Lord Mayor—spoke in a somewhat chastened and gloomy tone. But he made an emphatic appeal for a spirit of municipal patriotism, pointing out that, whether in London or in the great provincial towns, municipal institutions are on so vast a scale that they have lost any taint of provincialism. That is quite true, and we believe American experience shows that the plan of keeping down the municipalities by limiting their powers and dividing up some of their proper functions among non-popular Boards is one great cause of municipal weakness and corruption. But, if so, what are we to think of the Tory party, which long obstructed the London County Council and still wants to break up London into ten or more separate municipalities?

ABROAD.

THE situation in Crete has undergone an important change since Thursday of last week. The insurgents, trusting to the promises and warnings of the Powers, have provisionally consented to the meeting of the Assembly—the only guarantees of the safety of the members being apparently the grant by the Turkish Government of a general amnesty, and its promise that the troops should maintain a strictly defensive attitude. The Powers, after obtaining this promise, put pressure on Greece to check the despatch of arms and aid to the insurgents. It remains to be seen whether the Turkish commanders will be able to hold back their troops either in Crete or on the north-eastern frontier of Greece. Certainly the debate in the House of Commons last Friday does not inspire us with confidence in the ability of the Powers to prevent massacre. In Arabia the *débâcle* has begun. The Turkish garrisons at Jiddah, Mecca, and Medina have mutinied, and their replacement by fresh troops will not mend matters.

IN Macedonia, however, the immediate danger of insurrection is considerably reduced by the virtual conclusion of a Balkan league under Russian control—not, of course, including Roumania, which will clearly stand on the side of the Triple Alliance as long as the Magyar antipathy to the Roumanians of Transylvania fails to turn its population against the Dual Monarchy. Prince Nicolas of Montenegro has just visited the King of Servia. Both were ostentatiously friendly—although the former has always favoured the rival Servian dynasty—and their respective Prime Ministers have agreed to the foundation of a Balkan league under Russian hegemony and pledged to collective action in the Macedonian Question. Bulgarian participation is, of course, assured, and as Russia wishes nothing to be done, presumably nothing will be done—until the collapse of the Turkish Empire.

AND that collapse surely cannot be very far off. Here are some extracts, slightly condensed, from a private letter just received from an exceptionally well-informed correspondent at Constantinople:—"Izzet Bey, who now rules the Sultan and the Empire, is set against all concession to the revolted populations. . . . A regiment of Hamidieh (Kurds) is on its way here for the Palace. An Armenian is hanged at the end of the bridge every two or three days. Scores, sometimes hundreds, of young men are arrested every day and shipped off, no one knows where. It is not safe for foreigners to go even for the most usual of the country excursions near Constantinople. . . . Three Catholic sisters were attacked lately near Pera, and one has since died. Daily there are murders about the city, and European ladies are constantly insulted in the streets. . . . There are private threats of an attack on the Armenian Patriarchate. The Patriarch himself has retired to Scutari. In the interior there is great danger of new massacres, and it is certain that hundreds of thousands will starve before the year is out. In the Hauran outbreak, the Turkish troops have been sent out to live on the plunder of the people, and many Arabs have joined the Druses, besides giving a refuge to their wives and children in the desert. But the Arabs and the Druses never hold together long. . . . There is no hope for Druses, Greeks, or Armenians, unless there is real European intervention." And all this while the "European concert" holds its hand—in the supposed interest of Russia!

THE debate on the financial proposals of the French Ministry, which has occupied the Chamber for the best part of this and last week, has made it clear that the present Government is the Government of the agricultural classes, and that in that capacity it does not hesitate to alienate a good deal of Moderate Republican support in other classes of society. The proposed tax on interest on securities, including Rentes, is a small matter financially, affecting less than a million sterling of annual revenue. It has evoked strong protests from various quarters, including MM. Ribot and Rouvier, and has caused M. Jaurès to thank the Government for "teaching the peasantry not to respect the rights of the capitalist." It involves a virtual breach of faith with the holders of French Rentes, because that stock is now at a premium in consequence of its exemption from taxation, and to tax it is to reduce its capital value. It is slightly less objectionable, perhaps, to the Moderates than the general income tax scheme proposed by the Bourgeois Ministry. But that scheme—shorn of one of its most inquisitorial features, the personal declaration—was proposed by its author M. Doumer, the late Minister of Finance, as a counter-project, and was rejected on Tuesday by a majority of only 29 (283 to 254). M. Méline expressly defended his plan on the ground that agriculture is overburdened as compared with other forms of property. So the *petit bourgeois* is to be taxed to please the agriculturists. His representatives, however, took their revenge on Thursday, and threw out the proposed modification of the house tax, thereby deferring till next year the achievement of the Ministerial scheme.

THE results of last Sunday's Parliamentary elections in Belgium indicate a further decline of the old-fashioned *doctrinaire* Liberalism. In Brussels, in spite of the efforts to give it a certain

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Labour tinge, the ticket put forward by the joint organisations obtained, in round numbers, only 40,000 votes; the Socialists proper (in alliance with a Progressist element) obtained 70,000; and the Ministerial or Clerical list 88,000. These figures, as compared with the first ballot in 1894, show a decline in the Liberal and Clerical strength respectively of 20,000 and 4,000, while the Socialist forces are increased by 30,000. A second ballot being requisite, the decision rests with the Moderate Liberals; but it is hardly likely that most of them will support the Radical and Socialist ticket, however cordial may be their detestation of Clericalism. At Antwerp, with its nine representatives, a second ballot is also requisite, but there is no doubt as to the result. The Clericals will certainly hold their own, though the Socialists have somewhat gained ground, while the Liberals have lost a little. In the South the Liberals have lost, or may lose, two or three of their fifteen seats. Practically the composition of the Chamber will be much the same as before. But in the country the Socialists are clearly gaining ground, not merely at the expense of Liberal votes, but by actually leavening the Liberal party with Progressist doctrines. This will certainly drive off a portion of the Moderate section into the arms of the Clericals. In short, Belgium tends to be divided between Clericals and Socialists. It is true that one wing of the Clericals is Socialistically disposed. But at present it makes very little show at the elections, and the 4,000 votes cast for its ticket at Antwerp, for instance, will certainly swell the Clerical majority at the second ballot.

THE Matabele rising pursues its natural course Last week grave fears were entertained that it might affect the native population in Cape Colony; this week there is news of bush fighting of a severe character in difficult country and with relatively heavy loss on both sides. Fort Charter, it is true, has been relieved: but the telegrams give a painful picture of increasing distress and divided counsel. The "everlasting lesson" promised by Mr. Rhodes — who was present in Sunday's engagement at Intama Mamba — seems not to have produced much effect as yet. There is a strong probability, to say the least of it, that the Matabele are now fighting because they are "cornered," and that the process of exterminating them—for that is what it comes to—will be a very difficult matter indeed. And it is not reassuring, though it is only natural, that colonial sentiment should be strongly adverse to conciliation. Yet, as was pointed out in our columns some weeks ago, that is the most reasonable course—even putting aside those considerations of humanity which never count for anything in native warfare.

LITERATURE, etc.

FOR the last year or two the publishing season has extended far into the summer—an excellent innovation, considering that people naturally want to read something during their holidays, and that mere "holiday matter," even with solid magazine articles thrown in, is hardly a sufficient intellectual diet for people who work their brains really hard during the rest of the year. Perhaps it is for this reason that so many really important and solid volumes have been appearing of late. The most recent additions are Mr. Gladstone's "Studies in Butler," of which we gave a brief account last week, and the first half of the late Lord Selborne's "Memorials" (Macmillan & Co.), which, in spite of its sub-title, runs on to the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, and so includes part of the writer's public life. We need only here mention that it has a very high historical value as well as a biographical interest—the latter interest including some graphic sketches of eminent contemporaries—and that on certain historical points it promises to be an authority of the highest importance.

THE death of Sir Augustus Harris has not hitherto caused any changes in operatic affairs. There have been no new productions except those which he had himself prepared; and for the most important performance that has taken place this season, that of *Tristan und Isolde*, the only direct superintendence required was that of the musical conductor, Signor Mancinelli. The first important converts made to Wagnerism were the leading conductors of Europe. The prominence assigned by Wagner in all his operas to the orchestra, and the ingenuity and complexity of much of his orchestral work, could not but attract those musical directors who really loved their business. For a long time it was believed that Wagner's operas, and especially his later works, could only be fitly represented by German singers and in the German language. It has been clearly shown, however, by a series of performances at the Royal Italian Opera that Wagner's music (as might fairly have been supposed) gains greatly by being perfectly sung; and *Tristan und Isolde*, which interested our audiences when it was given by German companies, delights them now that it is presented by Italian—or rather, Italianised—artists, and with Albani and Jean de Reszke in the two leading parts. No feeling of national jealousy is involved in the matter. Neither Albani nor de Reszke is Italian. The former is a French-Canadian, taught by an Italian singing master, and trained in all her Wagnerian parts by a German conductor. The latter is a Pole who owes his vocal method to Italy and his dramatic method to France, and who, like Madame Albani, studied his latest part under a German conductor. The fact remains that singing in the German language with perfect German pronunciation, the two vocalists give new beauty to the music by the expression, the eloquence, and the charm with which they deliver it. Sung in Italian, the opera would lose the force and significance of the composer's own words. Sung by Germans, with their hard, declamatory style, the music is deprived of much of its beauty.

THE Pre-Raphaelite collection at the Goupil Gallery includes many names that are not usually considered to belong to that school. Besides specimens of Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and others of lesser note but of kindred aim, there are examples of Lord Leighton, Albert Moore, and A. Legros. At the Fine Art Society's are collections of F. J. Shannon—a veritable feast to the eyes—H. G. Hine, and Claude Hayes. At the Clifford Galleries are selections from the work of Mrs. Louise Jopling and Mr. E. B. Havell. The best work of Mrs. Jopling here appears to be in pastel, though the place of honour naturally is given to the "Ophelia" in oil—a portrait of Mrs. Tree. "Beatrice" and "A Study in Red" we noted specially, as also the Caprese studies of Mr. Havell—the new director of the Calcutta school—pleasing examples of colour.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN PENDER might have stood as a typical "captain of industry." The architect of his own fortune as an exporter of textile goods, he had gone into the business department of marine telegraphy at a very early stage of the development of that industry, and had joined the late Cyrus W. Field—who we rather think got the lion's share of the consequent fame—in promoting the first Atlantic cable, nearly forty years ago. It was his personal guarantee that secured the effort of 1865 and the double triumph of 1866, and he had subsequently been an energetic promoter of the extension of our ocean cable system. He had sat in Parliament as a Liberal of the old-fashioned type, and latterly—till his retirement in 1895—as a Liberal Unionist. —Professor Erdmann Encke was a sculptor of

considerable repute, several of whose most notable works adorn the German capital.

THE ROBBERY OF INDIA.

WHO are the "Little Englanders" now? The strongest Government, or, as an enthusiastic supporter calls them, the most consciously powerful Government of modern times. For the sake of a sum estimated at thirty-five thousand pounds, though it may possibly be twice as much, the Cabinet, in defiance of public opinion at home, have excited in India a serious and even dangerous amount of just discontent. If only this country were concerned, we might well leave the Government to the condemnation of their own followers in Parliament and the castigation of their own organs in the press. Nothing quite so bitter has been said about them by any Liberal as was said in the House of Commons on Monday night by Mr. Maclean, the Tory member for Cardiff. Mr. Maclean, whose long residence in India qualifies him to speak with authority, denounced an Administration which, after abandoning the principal measure of the Queen's Speech, forced its reluctant supporters to vote against their consciences for a piece of mean and odious tyranny. He declared, without being contradicted by anyone, that there were not twenty members in favour of Lord George Hamilton's resolution. With one utterly insignificant exception no independent support whatever could be obtained in the debate for the policy of the Government. There has probably never been a parallel case before in the whole history of the House of Commons. The collapse of the defence was, like the withdrawal of the Education Bill, unique. Yet never did a Ministry stand in sorer need of the backing of their friends. Lord George Hamilton is a broken reed. When he got up, things looked bad for the Government. When he sat down, they were hopeless. He thought it smart and clever to ask who killed Hicks Pasha. He might as well have asked who killed Cock Robin. He made what he apparently supposed to be an attack upon Mr. Morley, who was not in Parliament till 1883, and not in office till 1886. The real objects of his aspersions were the Duke of Devonshire, who will not care twopence, and Mr. Chamberlain, who will not forget the incident as long as he lives. Lord George believes, or pretends to believe, that we confer an immense favour upon India by invading the Soudan. That is not the opinion of a single native Indian, nor of one member of the Indian Government. It cannot be seriously argued, except on the hypothesis that an Imperial interest must always be an Indian one. But Lord George himself discarded that view when he rightly insisted that the whole cost of the Indian contingent at Mombasa should be borne by the Treasury.

Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Fowler recognise what the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Balfour ignore—that Indian opinion must be considered if India is to be retained. Mr. Morley, speaking in the tone and almost in the style of Burke, implored the House not to deal with this great issue of equity and generosity in the spirit of an accountant or an arithmetician. Strongly opposed as he is to the Egyptian Expedition and to the attempted re-conquest of the Soudan, he assumed, for the sake of the argument, that the undertaking was justifiable and its objects feasible. But he denied that we had any right to inflict upon India any part of the cost of such an adventure. It is owing to the accidents of climate and situation that Indian troops are wanted at all. If, however, the re-conquest of the Soudan be an Indian interest, India ought to contribute towards it, if not in men, then in money. Would any Minister, would even Lord George Hamilton, propose to make India pay part of the expenses of British or Egyptian regiments required for the capture of Khartoum? The thing is ridiculous. Lord George says it is only five thousand pounds for seven months—only a little one, only a seven months' child. The precedents go for little or nothing. The so-called precedent of 1882 is beside the mark. Arabi's rebellion undoubtedly threatened the security of the Suez Canal, by which reinforcements might be sent to India in case of need. The precedent of 1885 is not altogether creditable to the Liberal Administration of that day. But in the last decade there has been much progress towards a fuller conception of Indian claims and rights. In 1885 it was thought generous for England to defray the extraordinary expenses of the expedition to Suakim. In 1896 it is thought shabby to make India pay anything. But all this is foreign to Lord George Hamilton's mind. He can only think of scoring a party hit. "What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1882?" is his notion of a really good point. In February of last year, when all the more sensible Conservatives refused to treat India as a mere method of winning Lancashire seats, Lord George flouted Indian opinion, scoffed at the risk of alienating it, and with contemptible ignorance pronounced India to be a burden on our national resources.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach can usually make a good speech. But he made a wretchedly lame one on Monday, and gave a splendid opening for Sir Henry Fowler. Sir Michael took up and defended the Treasury view. For this it is very unfair to blame the Treasury. The Treasury has nothing to do with India, and is in no way responsible for the welfare of the Indian people. The business of a man in the position of Sir Francis Mowatt is always to make the best bargain he can for the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. If it were not for the Treasury we should soon be landed in national bankruptcy. But the legitimate scruples of the Treasury must sometimes be overruled by higher considerations. Sir Francis Mowatt could not have prevented the increase of the Navy, and he should not have been allowed to throw an Imperial charge upon the Indian taxpayer. Sir Michael's attack upon the Indian Government was most mischievous and reprehensible. India must be ruled from Calcutta and not from Downing Street. The Indian Council at home is wholly out of sympathy with real Indian opinion, either native or official, and ought to be abolished. Mr. Balfour was worse than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. He gravely argued that we had claims upon India for arrears of expenditure, and actually went back to the Crimean War. He talked nonsense about setting up a Court of Arbitration between England and India. The true Court of Arbitration is the High Court of Parliament. In February, 1895, Sir Henry Fowler carried the House of Commons with him when he said that the whole House was responsible for India, and that every Member of it was an Indian Member. The "Little Englanders," to use their own phrase, who now sit upon the Treasury Bench are heedless of consequences and oblivious of warning. It is impossible to calculate the intensity and ubiquity of the indignation which will be excited in India by the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Balfour may be an ingenious metaphysician, but he is totally incompetent for the place which he now fills.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE MAJORITY.

IN the vigorous speech with which Sir William Harcourt stimulated the Liberal forces of North London on Monday evening, he once more reminded his audience that a great majority is not so formidable as it looks. Like the giants who go about the country in caravans, it is apt to have outgrown its strength. It is feeble in constitution, weak in the knees, and not particularly strong in the head. Small majorities, we may add, hold together, and are forced into unity by the necessities of the fight. Large majorities admit of independence, of absenteeism, of indifference, and of disorganisation. And the bigger the majority, the more complete and more striking is its collapse.

All this is admirably illustrated by the remarkable plight of the Unionist party to-day. But that majority had in itself from the very first some very peculiar weaknesses. We do not mean that it was the product of a coalition merely of two main elements originally heterogeneous. The Liberal-Unionist element had become so assimilated that, except as regarded the personal jealousies set up by its presence and its demands, it was not a serious source of weakness to the party. But the Conservative wing was from the very first a coalition of unlike elements with more or less divergent aims. Some fifteen months ago we called attention to the frank acknowledgment of this fact in the *Quarterly Review*. That ancient and august organ of Toryism had allowed a professed disciple of Lord Randolph Churchill to expatiate on the transformation of the Conservative party, which he was among the first to apprehend and to promote. The commercial classes, it was pointed out, once the mainstay of middle-class Liberalism, had long ago passed into the Conservative ranks—as the City of London elections have made clear for years. The workmen of the towns had to a great extent followed them. The conversion of the latter was to be completed, if we remember right, by encouraging the small freeholder and defending his property against so-called Socialistic assaults. The great middle-class as a body was to be further won over by playing on that yearning to be on speaking terms with a Peer and his family which is gratified—on occasion and for very brief intervals—by the Primrose League. The Church and the Voluntary schools were to be protected against attack. The landed interest was to receive due consideration without injury to the newer elements of the party. In short, the new Conservatism was to be a coalition of all vested interests, and the democracy was to be drawn into it by encouraging new vested interests and reconciling them with the old. We pointed out at the time that this theory of the New Conservativism was curiously destitute of the loftiness of motive which the old Toryism had often not only professed but possessed. We noted that a Government professing these views would have hard work to reconcile, for instance, the interest of shareholders in the water companies with those of the London consumer, or of the urban workmen and of the landlords and farmers. But the attempt has been made to do something for some of these classes, and with the natural results. One session has sufficed to set them all quarrelling. The Agricultural Rating Bill is sometimes alleged to be in the interest of the tenant and sometimes of the landlord. It has exasperated the urban Tory members and done more harm to their prospects than even the fiasco of the Education Bill. The same effect in a less degree has been produced by the Diseases of Animals Bill, which has besides shown what the Imperialist sentiment of the Ministry is worth. The Water Bill is another conspicuous failure to do something for a vested interest, to the detriment, of course, of the general public. The Education Bill was lost partly by the action of Sir Albert Rollit—one of the most praiseworthy types of the real new Conservatism—largely by the expressed dislike of the Nonconformist Unionist members, and to some extent through the adverse feeling of the Evangelical laity, whether within or without the Established Church. It was a composite structure which young Tories and Bishops alike had had a hand in erecting, and it pleased nobody. It has divided the establishment and estranged the Roman Catholics—just now another interest which the Government has to placate somehow—on the vital question of the method of State aid. It has alienated the High Church party and displeased even the Bishop of London. And the joint Session of the two Convocations, announced for November 5th, seems likely to produce a more effectual explosion among the Parliamentary majority than the associations of the day suggest. Even the Benefices Bill has done the Government more harm than good. Conservative clergy are vowing vengeance upon them if it passes, and so is that notable pillar of the party of vested interests, the Liberty and Property Defence League. The tardy London University Bill is certainly a device for doing something to please a certain section of Liberal-Unionists, but it is too late to be very effectual. Finally, the Irish Land Bill is in danger, and if it does not pass, even the faithful Conservative Protestants of Antrim will be driven to revolt.

Of course this policy of class legislation is foredoomed to failure; but it might have been attempted with more intelligence. The present Government is run by an inner Committee of which, apparently, the majority lives in a balloon while the rest is in South Africa. One wonders what Lord Randolph Churchill would have thought of the "old gang" and the new recruits who run the Tory machine now. How he would have scorned their fatuous tactics, their blindness to all home interests save those of old Toryism, their feeble bids for working class support! But until the party drops to pieces and a new organisation rises on its ruins we can hardly expect better management. As is forcibly argued in one of our contemporaries this week, a large part of the middle-class which is now Tory wanted a "Government of Affairs"—a quiet, practical, business-like Ministry, presumably somewhat on the later Palmerstonian lines. The present Government gives them a Soudan Expedition, class legislation at home, Imperialist chatter and conspicuous neglect of British interests—solid or humanitarian—in India and Europe alike. And so disillusionment is preparing, first for the Tory electorate, and then for the inner Cabinet.

THE OVER-TAXATION OF IRELAND.

THE report of the Royal Commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland has not yet been officially published, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was doubtless technically within his rights in refusing to take cognisance of mere newspaper statements when discussing the Finance Bill of the year. But ordinary folk, who are not hampered or assisted by red-tape rules, will be as willing to read the report in the Irish newspapers as they were to read the report of the Labour Commission in the *Times*. In each case some enterprising journalist

had obtained improper possession of official secrets; but, so long as the facts stated were accurate, nobody much minded whence the knowledge of them had been derived. It may therefore be taken as a fact—and a fact which it is the bounden duty of the English people to consider—that the Royal Commission has reported, after three years of exhaustive study, that Ireland is very seriously overtaxed. The report is practically unanimous. The Commission originally consisted of fifteen members—Sir Robert Hamilton, Sir David Barbour, Lord Welby, and Lord Farrer, representing the Imperial Civil Service; Mr. Sexton, Mr. Blake, and Mr. John Redmond, representing Irish Nationalism; Mr. Wolff (of Harland and Wolff), Mr. Slattery (of the National Bank), The O'Conor Don, and Mr. C. Martin, representing Irish trade and Irish Unionism; Mr. Bertram Currie, Mr. Hunter, and Sir Thomas Sutherland, representing unofficial British financial experience; and Mr. Childers, a statesman of the first rank, as chairman. The Commission was so strong and so fairly balanced that, on a technical subject like the incidence of taxation, its report should be regarded as the decision of an arbitrator between two nations, rather than as the mere opinion of experts. The Treasury has no better men to set against those who were chosen by the British Government; and for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to set up his opinion against that of the Commission—as we fear he intends to do—would be worse than an impertinence; it would be a breach of faith. No human being in the whole wide world can be got to believe that the opinion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is better worth having on such a question than the collective opinion of the gentlemen we have named. The very notion is an absurdity. If, therefore, the English Parliament fails to carry the report of the Commission into effect, the natural inference for the civilised world to draw will be that England continues to overtax Ireland because she likes taking other people's money. England can never say again that she does not believe Ireland to be overtaxed.

The Commission was directed—

"To inquire into the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and their relative taxable capacity, and to report—

"1. Upon what principles of comparison, and by the application of what specific standards, the relative capacity of Great Britain and Ireland to bear taxation may be most equitably determined.

"2. What, so far as can be ascertained, is the true proportion, under the principles and specific standards so determined, between the taxable capacity of Great Britain and Ireland.

"3. The history of the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland at and after the Legislative Union, the charge for Irish purposes on the Imperial Exchequer during that period, and the amount of Irish taxation remaining available for contribution to Imperial expenditure; also the Imperial expenditure to which it is considered equitable that Ireland should contribute."

On the third head it would seem that there is some difference of opinion among the Commissioners, and, pending the publication of the reports of all of them, it is impossible to say what is the result at which the majority has arrived. But on the first two points, and more especially on the second, which is the more important, there is an approach to unanimity which is positively startling. Sir Robert Hamilton died before the inquiry had gone far, and his opinion cannot therefore be quoted either way. Mr. Childers died after the evidence had been completed, and has left his opinion on record in a draft report which declares Ireland to be taxed by two millions and three-quarters every year beyond her relative taxable capacity. Of the thirteen surviving Commissioners, eleven have agreed to a short and succinct report, which, subject to individual explanations in further minority reports, may be taken as the report of the Commission. Sir Thomas Sutherland dissents, but only, if the lobbyists are to be believed, because he thinks Scotland is as much overtaxed as Ireland. If this be so, two blacks do not make a white. Sir David Barbour, whose Indian experience undoubtedly entitles him to weight, also dissents, but for what reasons we have yet to learn. The other Commissioners are unanimous, or, to speak more accurately, they have agreed as to what may be taken as the maximum—the outside estimate—of the taxable capacity of Ireland. No one of the thirteen thinks the taxable capacity of Ireland more than one-twentieth of that of Great Britain. Mr. Sexton, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Slattery put it at one-thirty-sixth. But the estimate of one-twentieth must be startling enough to most Englishmen. The sum which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to raise year by year roughly approximates to a hundred millions. Of this Ireland ought to pay, according to the largest estimate made by any of the thirteen Commissioners, four and three-quarter millions. The sum which she actually pays is variously estimated at between seven and a half and nine millions. The difference between the two is the amount by which England overtaxes Ireland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Budget of the present year, is aggravating the injustice, while, in face of the report of the Commission, and in face of the failure of the British witnesses to make out any case for the present system, he professes to have an open mind on the whole question. It is too late for that open mind. The pickpocket might as well say he had an open mind as to the morality of thieving.

Every honest man in Great Britain ought rather, in face of these facts, to ask what ought to be done. Clearly the over-taxation must be removed. The only question is how best to do it. The evidence seems to us to point to two causes of Ireland's over-taxation. In the first place our present Imperial taxes, especially our indirect taxes, press unduly on the poor. We levy more in Customs duties than any other country in the world. In accordance with the principles of Free Trade we levy those duties, and the corresponding duties of excise, on as few articles as possible. It inevitably results that those articles which we tax, and tax heavily, are articles of common consumption, not the luxuries of the few, but the enjoyments—call them luxuries or necessities as you will—of the many. Thus our indirect taxation presses more heavily than that of most countries on the poor. The removal of some of our indirect taxes and the substitution of graduated direct taxes would meet this defect of our fiscal system, and inasmuch as Ireland contains proportionately more poor people than Great Britain, Ireland would proportionately benefit. But, frankly, we do not see how by any mere readjustment of Imperial taxes Ireland is to be relieved of the greater part of her burden of over-taxation. We are forced, as the Commission have been forced, to the second alternative. Ireland has suffered because she has been regarded merely as part of the United Kingdom, whereas she is in reality a separate entity. The same uniform taxes applied to Ireland and to Great Britain do not produce the same result. The familiar example is the duty on whisky, but there are other taxes which produce, under the name of equality, a similarly unequal effect. The only cure is to treat Ireland, fiscally, as

a separate entity—to recognise, in other words, the facts of nature. Some of us may think that the only way of doing this is by giving Home Rule, but it is only fair to remember on the one hand that Mr. Gladstone's Bill, as it passed the House of Commons in 1893, only gave Ireland very partial rights of fiscal autonomy, and on the other hand that many other countries produce equality without legislative division. The one thing which the report makes absolutely clear is this: that the Imperial Parliament is on its trial. It has a clear duty pointed out to it, dictated by common honesty, but implying, as honesty so often does, a certain amount of self-sacrifice. If Parliament fails to do its duty, let us at least have no more cant about killing Home Rule with kindness.

SILVER AND GOLD AT CHICAGO.

THE victory of the Silver men in the Presidential Convention at Chicago may not impossibly prove to have been a blessing in disguise. In a sense, it simplifies the issues to be placed before the electorate; but it simplifies them at the expense of the Democratic party, and ensures the triumph of the Republican cause. The Democratic party was divided and disorganised before; the division is hopeless now. The Republican party has other planks in its platform besides Bimetallism; the Democratic party of to-day has none that are common to the whole party and maintained by it alone. The "tariff for revenue only" may command a verbal and apparent assent among its members. The long struggle over the Wilson Bill, followed by the severe defeats the party sustained at the polls in 1894 and 1895, indicate that that issue has no power over the bulk of the electorate. Both parties are more or less Jingo; both parties are in some degree Protectionist. The Republican party has traditions and a history, and retains a workable machine. The Democratic machine would not work even if the gold Democrats did not secede. As for its traditions, not only are they breaking down, but they are being overweighted and obscured by the Populist element which constitutes the real strength of the party in the South and West. The Silver States which are most important are not the silver-producing States, but the States whose staple employment is agriculture and in which the agriculturist is most overburdened and his trade most depressed. Of these States—the Southern States and a few of those west of the Mississippi—the former are Democratic by tradition, though in some of them of late years a tendency has been manifested to become Populist. Moreover, since the defeats of 1894 and 1895 they constitute the strength of the Democratic party; and it is they who have dragged the Democratic party into the Free Coinage heresy, to the great profit of the Republican managers and the estrangement, which may be final, of the Democrats of the East. We may in England regret the decision adverse to the Federal income-tax arrived at by the Supreme Court. It is a classic instance of the extension of a law by interpretation to exclude a course which never entered the legislators' minds. But the method of its condemnation by the Democratic representatives at Chicago makes it clear that that condemnation is only another bit of Populism. As the Federal Constitution practically cannot be altered, they propose to pass a law evading the interpretation put on the Constitution by the Supreme Court, and to pack the Court itself. They attack the railroads—not altogether unjustly, we admit, but we know what such an attack means, coming from them. Our impression is strengthened by the language they have used as to the bond issue, which has saved the country from a commercial crisis probably without parallel hitherto. And it is finally made indelible by the reception given to the peculiarly Western flight of passionate rhetoric, in virtue of which Mr. Bryan, as we write, stands first favourite among the most ordinary lot of Presidential candidates on record: "The Gold men shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Whatever may be the precise outcome of the further proceedings, it is quite clear that for the present, at any rate, the Silver men have sealed the fate of the Democratic party. They hope, of course, to carry some of the Western States—those States in which the Republican party advocated a "straddle" on the Silver Question—by a decisive declaration in favour of Free Coinage for the benefit of the distressed agriculturists. We do not see how this is possible. Of course there is a floating vote in these States in favour of Free Coinage, but there is also a floating vote, and according to a remarkable article in the *Fortnightly Review* this month, a growing one, in favour of "honest money." Even the States which are most interested in silver are not unanimous on the Free Coinage question. Colorado and California are, as far as can be judged from a distance, not under the control of the Silver interest. In Tennessee, Kentucky, and even Texas, the Gold party has proved unexpectedly strong; and the manœuvre which has secured the delegations from Michigan and Nebraska for the Silver party in the Convention will probably bring its own penalty. Moreover, whether there is really a "gold bolt" or not, hardly a single Eastern State can now be carried for the Democrats, possibly not even Virginia herself.

We quite admit that there are very serious dangers ahead for the Union as a whole. A second secession and a Confederation of Silver States, which some people talk of, we believe to be wholly impossible. But both parties are in favour of Bimetallism as an ideal, though the Republican party treat it as comparatively remote. Now the United States this autumn are not only electing a President and a Vice-President, but State Governments and a Federal Lower House; and it is on the composition of the State Governments that the future constitution of the Senate will depend. At present, as was pointed out some time ago in our financial article, the Senate is, on the whole, Silverite and Populist. It is possible that locally more concessions may be made to the Silver men by Republican candidates than were made at St. Louis, or can be made in regard to the Presidential election. It may turn out hereafter that both the State Legislatures and individual Congressmen in some of the doubtful States are much more deeply tinged with the Free Coinage heresy than would have been predicted from the Presidential contest alone. Individual Republican members of the Legislatures may combine with Silver Democrats at the Senatorial elections, and the Federal Senate may remain after its partial renewal as Silverite and Populist as it is now. And the element in the next House of Representatives that is inclined to do something for Silver may possibly prove to include a considerable Republican section as well as the majority of the Democratic party. The fact is, we on this side of the Atlantic cannot really estimate the Silverite strength. The Americans we know are Eastern men, business men, seldom tinged with any financial heresy except a feeling for Protection. The Americans who really control the future of the country are the rural democracy and the industrial population of the West. About the ideas current among them we know something,

though we cannot measure the extent of their prevalence or the power of the holders. We know, however, that there is a considerable change in the old individualist sentiment in favour of individual rights of property and living as you like. It has been helped by the encroachments of the railway companies, and has not been without aid from university professors. We cannot tell how far it has really gone, but we see its results in the strength of the Free Coinage doctrine—which is really a form of the doctrine that the State is an earthly Providence—and in the tendencies of the Democratic party towards Populism. We know that the Silverites have the fanaticism of currency heretics everywhere, and the anti-English sentiment which is traditional in the history of the Union. Their fanaticism shows itself in curious ways. Teetotallers are usually men of one idea; but the Prohibitionist Presidential Convention some weeks ago split on the Silver Question; and the strength of a party cannot be measured by its numbers alone. But, whatever may be in store for the remoter future, we feel tolerably sure about the November election. The Silverite victory has wrecked the Democratic party and compelled the Republicans to make up their minds more definitely in favour of Gold. Already the future Republican Vice-President has spoken out strongly in this sense. It has detached the East—the business people—and left the party a mere Populist rump. It has wrecked the official vote, too—no small matter—and dried up the sources of campaign funds. Principles in the United States are more elastic than party machines, and we suspect the Democratic machine will by-and-by be provided with a new and better creed. But for the present it is out of gear, and the cause of sound money is forced into victory.

FINANCE.

DULNESS has reigned in the City all through the week. Over the country generally trade is improving, and the crops are promising much better than seemed likely a little while ago. The long drought, it was feared, would cause even greater damage than last year; according to the best reports now the cereal crops are good; the wheat crop especially is very fine. The green crops are better than was expected, and even the grass crops show a marked improvement compared with the beginning of July last year. Of course, it is true that agricultural prices are low, but for all that the farmers, it is now reasonably certain, will do much better than they have done of late, and we may hope that the improvement in trade will make steady progress. On the Stock Exchange, on the other hand, there is almost utter stagnation, due mainly to the Henley Regatta, the great heat, the Chicago Convention, and the stubborn resistance that is being offered by the Matabele and the Mashonas. It is clear that the insurrection was entirely underrated in the beginning, that the injury inflicted in Rhodesia will be very great, and that the Chartered Company will be seriously embarrassed. Naturally, the outlook for the Chartered Company has had a depressing effect upon all South African securities, and quotations are decidedly lower than a week ago. At Chicago the Silverites are carrying everything before them as we write, and it looks as if there would be a sectional split in the party; that, in other words, the delegates from the Northern and Eastern States would revolt against the decision of the Convention. There is one advantage in the strength shown by the Silver party; they will make it absolutely necessary to fight the coming elections upon the currency issue. Mr. McKinley and his supporters have wished to put the currency in the background, and to make the main issue the "tariff reform," as they call it. Evidently that will now become impossible, and the people will have to decide for either gold or silver. Whatever the decision, it is desirable that the world should know what is the real will of the American people. At the end of last week the announcement that the Midland Company intended to split its stock caused a sharp rise in that stock, and, indeed, in the whole British Railway Market. This week, however, even that department has shared in the general dulness. The general explanation is that there are fears of strikes; but the true explanation is that for the time being both investors and speculators are doing extremely little. The Paris market is quiet, but the Berlin market is steady. Upon the whole, in spite of the absence of so many operators and the general apathy of the public, quotations in all departments are well maintained.

As was generally expected, money has become as abundant and cheap as ever, and it is likely to remain so for months to come. It is true that much of the gold received from abroad is being taken for the Continent; and it is likewise true that for the time being the gold shipments from the United States are not large; but it seems reasonably certain that the strength shown by the Silverite party will again lead to heavy gold shipments, that trade will be paralysed during the next few months of electioneering, and that the fear that, however improbable, yet the Democrats *may* win, will induce many people to withdraw capital. The Silver Market continues steady, the price fluctuating about 31½d. per ounce. There is very little demand for the Far East; there is none at all for India. But the steadiness of the market is mainly due to the unwillingness of the American mine owners to sell. Apparently they believe that the Silver party will win at the coming elections, or at all events, that they will show such great strength that something will have to be done in favour of silver; therefore, they are selling very sparingly at present quotations, and naturally the price is maintained for the time being. One good consequence is that the India Council continues to dispose of its drafts very favourably; it sold the whole amount offered for tender this week at a little under 1s. 2¼d. per ounce. The joint-stock banks generally have been able to keep up their dividends wonderfully well during the past half-year, in spite of the extreme cheapness of money. The greater part of their profits must have been made from their investments. It is notorious that, finding it difficult to lend or discount at a profit, they bought first-class securities on a very great scale, and all these securities have risen very materially during the half-year.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

(By An Independent Contributor.)

SATURDAY.—Mr. Curzon's speech on Crete in the House of Commons last night shows that Lord Salisbury's miserable weakness in dealing with the Armenian Question still paralyses the national counsels. The Under-Secretary's language was very different from that which he was allowed to hold at the beginning of the session. Then he spoke out and denounced the Turkish Government as directly responsible for massacres unparalleled in their savage atrocity. Now he talks about "secular feuds" and "religious animosities," and runs through the whole gamut of official cant of which everyone is so heartily sick. The Sultan is, of course, promising everything, and doing all he can to blind the eyes of the Powers, while he deliberately prepares for another butchery of his Christian subjects by means of the heroes of Orfa. There is some reason to hope, however, that Russia cares more for Crete than for Armenia, and that

the Sultan has received a private warning which, being addressed to his fears, he will heed. The subject was raised in Committee of Supply very temperately, but very firmly, by an old and respected member, Mr. Monk, a Liberal Unionist in politics, but a tried friend of liberty in Eastern Europe. Sir Robert Reid and Mr. Bryce expressed the views of the Opposition; Sir Robert, in particular, speaking with an earnest enthusiasm and a profound conviction not too common among lawyers. The Sultan was supported by his worthy friend, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. The debate will do the Cretans good, and the Government harm.

The news from Charterland is bad. The proclamation by the natives of Lobengula's son as king, first announced by the *Daily Chronicle*, is now officially confirmed. This means the union of the Mashonas with the Matabele against the white man, and an indefinite prolongation of the war. The Mashonas, be it remembered, were represented by the Company's agents at the time of the Matabele campaign as the friendly and pacific tribe whom it was necessary to protect against their savage neighbours, the Matabele. Matabeleland itself, where Lord Grey and Mr. Rhodes are, has for the moment quieted down. But this calm is illusory, and may be broken without warning or notice. Mr. Chamberlain made a terrible blunder in refusing the assistance of President Kruger when these troubles began.

The business of the Government in the House of Commons is proceeding more smoothly and rapidly. This is because Mr. Balfour has at last, partly by accident and partly by design, taken up some of those social measures to which we were told at the General Election the efforts of this Parliament would be entirely devoted. The Conciliation Bill, which is practically the same as Mr. Bryce's, and the Mines Bill, which is a weaker edition of Mr. Asquith's, have been without difficulty read a second time, and referred to Standing Committees. This could not, of course, have happened if there were any truth in the charge that Liberals desired to prevent the Government from doing anything.

Sunday.—The issues involved in to-morrow night's debate are somewhat complicated. Mr. Morley's amendment raises simply the question of charging India for the ordinary expenses of the Indian troops, and to that point the newspapers have devoted almost the whole of their criticisms. There is, however, the further question whether the Crown has, without the authority of Parliament, power to employ Indian troops beyond the confines of British India, and thus indirectly defeat the object of the Army Annual Act, which limits the number of soldiers outside India. Mr. Morley was not responsible for the unfortunate precedent of 1885, which rather hampers the other leaders of the Opposition. There is a good deal of discontent among the Ministerialists at the unceremonious manner in which the Indian Government has been overruled by a singularly weak Secretary of State; but the discipline of the party is still good when it comes to voting, though grumbling behind the scenes is loud and general.

The news from Charterland is again most disquieting, and the disbandment of the native police, coupled with the doubtful attitude of the "friendlies," is the cause of grave anxiety.

It now seems probable that the committee of inquiry into the proceedings of the Chartered Company will not be appointed, or will not get to work, till next session. Mr. Chamberlain believes that delay will facilitate a settlement in South Africa. The responsibility for this decision is with the Government alone.

Monday.—The appointment of Mr. Francis Maclean to be Chief Justice of Bengal is very distinctly a political job. Mr. Maclean, who formerly sat in the House of Commons for the Woodstock Division of Oxfordshire, is what they call a "complimentary" Queen's Counsel. But he never achieved any distinction at the Bar, and in 1891 he was made a Master in Lunacy by the present Lord Chancellor. This was of course a reward for Mr. Maclean's desertion of the Liberal party in 1886—a desertion for which most of the deserters have been very handsomely recompensed. A Mastership in Lunacy is almost a sinecure, and Mr. Maclean is not alleged to have conspicuously failed in it. But to be the principal Judge in British India is a very different thing, and the selection of such a man for such a post is highly discreditable to Lord George Hamilton. Mr. Maclean's political life was as undistinguished as his professional career, and the Bar of Calcutta as well as the native community are entitled to resent the nomination.

Sir Henry Howorth should be set to construe the phrase *cacoëthes scribendi*. No event is too great or too small to elicit from his "fertile pen" half a column of incoherent twaddle in the pages of the *Times*. But he prefers the small to the great, and there is an excellent example of his peculiar taste this morning. Sir Henry has brought all the powers of his mind to explain why the Government have been so constantly triumphant this session, and why the Opposition have so completely failed. His reasoning is on a level with his facts. He traces the impotence of the Liberal party to the dissensions of their leaders, and in particular to the fact that the proposed dinner to Mr. Morley at the National Liberal Club next Wednesday has been postponed. It may interest Sir Henry Howorth to know that the postponement was due to an unfortunate but not an unnatural mistake. Lord Carrington, chairman of the committee, had promised to preside. But a man cannot be in two places at once, unless, as Sir Boyle Roche judiciously added, he is a bird, and Lord Carrington forgot that he had already accepted an invitation to the municipal dinner given by Sir Arthur Arnold as Chairman of the London County Council. The time was too short to find a proper substitute for Lord Carrington, and so the dinner was put off. This is the secret history of the dark intrigue which means so much for Sir Henry Howorth. Sir Henry forgets that the leaders of the Liberal party are English gentlemen.

Tuesday.—Last night's debate was in some respects more damaging to the Government than even the withdrawal of the Education Bill. It is not merely that the speeches of Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Fowler were incomparably better than any on the other side. It is not merely that man after man rose from the Tory benches to condemn their own leaders. The most serious part of the case was the utter failure of Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to realise the gravity of the question. Their speeches will do even more harm in India than the disastrous decision of the Government. There is great indignation among the Liberal rank and file at the silliness or treachery which forced a second division, and went far to wipe out the moral effect of the first.

Sir William Harcourt's rattling and rollicking speech at Islington last night would have attracted more notice if it had not, unfortunately, coincided with the Indian debate in the House of Commons. It was just the sort of speech which tells with a popular audience in hot weather. The main points in the Education Bill and the Rating Bill are driven home with great force, and they are not obscured or encumbered with details. Sir William's pluck, vigour, and skill during the present session are the theme of universal praise. He fights as if the Government were flickering out with a small majority at the end of a Parliament, and his courage has thoroughly rallied the spirits of his followers. All the more do they resent such tricks as were played on Monday night. If there had been time, almost the whole Liberal party would have walked out, and Sir Charles Dilke would have been left with a very small tail indeed.

Wednesday.—The proceedings in the House of

Lords last night were rather lively, and the little knot of Liberal peers made a gallant fight against the rank injustice of the Bill abolishing the trade in live cattle from abroad. Lord Rosebery was in his happiest vein, and chaffed the President of the Board of Agriculture, who was standing on the steps of the Throne, with great effect. The object of the Bill is, of course, to prevent any Liberal Government in the future from admitting live cattle when there is no risk of disease. Lord Herschell's amendment would have foiled this plot by the perfectly fair and legitimate means of enabling the Minister to suspend the operation of the Act when an Address from either House of Parliament declared such a course to be safe. Lord Salisbury returned Lord Rosebery's banter with his usual wit, and more than his usual good humour. But there is a grotesque absurdity in such a Bill, designed to protect the landed interest against competition, coming before the House of Lords at all. It is not improbable that this measure may be the first of a series, all aimed at interposing the House of Lords as an unconstitutional barrier between the country and a Liberal executive backed by a Liberal majority in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour's opponents admit that on Monday night his back was up, and that he spoke with unwonted seriousness in favour of making India pay for the Indian troops. The situation for the Government was a grave one indeed, and nothing but the threat that Parliament would be immediately dissolved in case of defeat saved them from disaster. They have done more harm in India than wiser men could undo in many years, and they have sunk immeasurably in public estimation. But one thing is certain: Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Fowler saved India. Never again will any Secretary of State venture to move such a resolution as Lord George Hamilton moved and carried on Monday.

Thursday.—The two municipal dinners held last night—one in London, the other in Birmingham—are interesting by comparison and by contrast. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain both made good speeches. But Mr. Chamberlain's position was a false one. He has joined a party which is opposed to any increase in the power of municipal institutions, and is, especially in London, rather inclined to curtail it. Moreover, in their Education Bill, the Government of which Mr. Chamberlain is a member proposed to put the School Boards in fetters, and there is no more important item of local administration than a School Board. Mr. Chamberlain himself patronises the absurd scheme for cutting up London into ten. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, is in hearty sympathy with municipal progress, and during the last eight years has given a great deal of his time to promoting it. Hence, perhaps, the buoyancy of his tone and the unusual depression of Mr. Chamberlain's.

The Report of the Personal Interest Committee is not pleasant reading. While they acknowledge that the old rule against members of the House of Commons voting on questions concerning their own pockets was much stricter than that which exists now—if, indeed, there be now any rule at all—they make no recommendation, except that things should be left as they are. Mr. Haldane moved a very proper amendment, which all the Liberals, and Mr. Courtney, supported, in favour of greater stringency. But the Solicitor-General and all the Tories present voted against it, and defeated it by a majority of one. There can be no doubt, therefore, which party is really desirous of purifying public life. Among those who helped to defeat the amendment was Mr. Cosmo Bonsor. I should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, of how many companies Mr. Bonsor is a director.

Friday.—The week has been an unusually lively one in the House of Lords, where there was last night again an animated debate. Lord Salisbury tried his usual method of stifling discussion, and recommending that it should come to an end with his own speech. But Lord Rosebery declined to be snuffed out, and delivered a singularly effective reply, which condensed the arguments against the Landlords' Relief Bill in a lucid form. It was a piece of sardonic humour on Lord Salisbury's part to put the Bill in the charge of Lord Harris, who would have been better employed in healing the division of the Lyttelton family over the conduct of the Cambridge Eleven at Lords. Lord Farrer made mincemeat of him and of the Bill. Those who seriously believe that the House of Lords is an impartial and judicial "Second Chamber," will perhaps explain how it happened that a Bill which upsets the whole system of voting in favour of one class was carried by the Peers after a brief debate, without a single argument for the measure from any independent Lord. A more glaring travesty of legislative revision it would be difficult to find.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

JUST now certain advertisement columns of the *Times* are melancholy reading. With the subdued eloquence of the auctioneer, they offer for sale old and even historic family mansions, with all the retinue of acres, the timber, the fish, and the wildfowl. As your eye glances down the column the print is transformed into sunny landscape; you see ancestral towers and a noble demesne; you hear all the country melodies of a summer day, and through them echo the dry intonation of the official salesman and the fateful crash of the hammer. Some of these splendid piles are new. There is the castellated house built quite recently from the designs of Mr. Norman Shaw, of whom we may have to say some day, as the playful epitaph said of Sir John Vanbrugh—

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Some of the old houses are renowned. Here in this same page of the *Times* is Moor Park, where Swift ate his heart out, save when his kindling eye lighted on the fair young Stella, and where Sir William Temple prosed about gardening to the pupil whose fiery genius he never suspected. Moor Park is in the market. Merton Abbey, where Nelson lived, is in the same case; and the auctioneers mention these historic associations incidentally, as if not quite sure that they will appeal to our prosaic age. O for a blast of George Robins! He would not have contented himself with those frigid asides about Swift and Temple and the hero who gave a touch of glory to the vain heart of Emma Hamilton. George would have peopled Moor Park with splendid ghosts, and made Merton Abbey reel with the thunders of Trafalgar.

Yet the modern auctioneer, who suppresses his emotions, has a pathos of his own. Sentiment, he knows, is not always business. In these days people are not so much concerned about the historic interest of a house as about its comfort. They think more of the drains than of the bygone drama. The possible fall of farm rents in this prolonged depression of agriculture is a more intimate consideration than the mellowest romance. Then the auctioneer cannot be sure that too much stress upon Swift may not deter a conscientious purchaser, who vaguely remembers that "A Tale of a Tub" was supposed to have offended that excellent Churchwoman, Queen Anne of blessed memory. There are people who would like Moor Park as a place to live in very well, but would certainly object to it as a nursery of heterodox opinions. Stella, too!—how can the careful auctioneer tell that the history of that young woman is compatible with the code of propriety which prevails amongst millionaires in search of a desirable country seat? Stella is inexhaustibly delightful to many persons, whose cheque-books play the most insignificant part amongst their

worldly possessions. They cannot buy Moor Park; they can only wonder whether it will pass into the hands of someone who will appreciate it as a literary landmark; and they can indulge the hope that, if the new owner be unworthy of such a treasure, ghosts will torment him and his. No theory of ghosts has taken into sufficient account the possible hostility of dead and gone dwellers in historic habitations to the quality of their successors. If a Frenchman, now, were to acquire Merton Abbey, it is conceivable that the spirit of Nelson might undertake the patriotic duty of ejecting him. Our sailor hero is the father of that antipathy to Frenchmen which was a British characteristic until comparatively recent times. "There are land-rats and water-rats," says Shylock. Nelson classed the French as vermin under both heads, and did his best to sweep them from the element on which his genius wielded the lightnings of war. How could his spirit be quiescent if a citizen of the hated nation were to sit down in the Wimbledon halls? Would the wraith of Swift wander again amongst the trim parterres of Moor Park if they were owned by a militant Dissenter who assailed the Church which the terrible Dean loved rather as an instrument of authority than as an emblem of Christian loving-kindness?

With these doubts and apprehensions in his mind, no wonder that the auctioneer sticks to the technicalities of his office. They are eloquent enough to anybody who has a turn for moralising on the old commonplaces of our mortal hazard. In this page of the *Times* we light again and again on the phrase, "one of the finest estates in the county." Yorkshire, Devon, Berkshire, Surrey, some of the fairest counties in England, offer their treasures to the stranger. The glory of ancient heritage passes away from dispossessed families, who seem to be marching in mournful procession, carrying these advertisements on their backs. Evidently there are exchequers which can no longer bear the strain of keeping up old houses, and must be replenished by the barter of the roof-tree for the shekels of the alien. The head of many a county family, it may be, casts his eye over these announcements in the *Times*, and wonders whether he or his heir will be forced to make the same proclamation of a harsh necessity. He has as much stimulus as any empty-handed philosopher to muse upon the inequalities of wealth. Land is not productive of luxury in our generation; it is the astute tactician on the Stock Exchange who builds fortunes, not the inheritors of the finest estates in the county. They might become Socialists if they had any reason to hope that the millions of Capel Court would be so distributed as to keep deserving landowners out of the *Times*. They are too near the reality to feel the romance of it: they lack the perspective which belongs to the spectator of these chances and changes. He may not own a rood; but the fairest domain gives him a pleasure denied to the possessors of precarious title-deeds. He can look back on Babylon with an enjoyment unknown to Nebuchadnezzar. He has seen Empires crumble; why should the fleeting tenure of primogeniture fill him with unavailing woe? The acres remain; the Tudor house lifts its imposing front from the landscape; its traditions cannot be bought and sold, nor lose their human interest. Even Stonehenge is not impersonal; for though we do not know who reared its huge blocks, the prehistoric masons stretch out their hands to us from the dim past, which is none the less vibrant in the imagination because it is unrecorded.

To family pride the transit of immemorial property is a blow; but even family pride has its philosophy amid the buffets of the world. The ancient family of the De Stancys in Mr. Hardy's "A Laodicean" become reconciled to the transfer of their Norman castle to a railway contractor. The baronet placidly occupies a villa hard by the estate, while the contractor's daughter dwells amongst the portraits of dead De Stancys, and has much more sense of their romantic importance than their living representatives. That is not an unnatural failing in a decayed old stock; it has many parallels in and out of Wessex. Time must have some consolations for the transmitters of a famous name who survive its glories. "Ichabod" does not become the motto of every fallen house, or the optimism of the race would be seriously overclouded. Many a descendant of an exalted lineage has providentially forgotten what manner of men and women his ancestors were, and does not take the family decline very much to heart when reminded of it by antiquaries. A wholesome diversion of ambition in the course of generations supersedes the old interests and overshadows the old adventures. The impoverished line, instead of losing itself in the desert of melancholy isolation, may renew its vigour in a fresh channel, and sigh no more for the departed splendour which made its last flicker amongst the advertisements in the *Times*.

HENLEY REGATTA.

THERE never, perhaps, was a summer when this most appropriate of the season's functions was more acceptable than it has been this year. To get away for three days from the noise and dust of London, to exchange the baked streets for the willows of the Thames, to gather one's friends about one not in hot drawing-rooms, or on overcrowded carriages at Lord's, but in breezy meadows, or on a shining stream, is always a very welcome holiday, and never, we are confident, more welcome than it was this week. If these fine summers continue, Henley will soon be unable to accommodate the crowds that flock to join its carnival. The line of barges and of house-boats grows longer every year, the club enclosures—for every new club that springs into existence must pitch a tent at Henley—become more imposing, the little craft that crowd the waterway more numerous and smart. The entries for the races, too, are steadily increasing; and even if, as unkind critics have suggested, some of these entries are chiefly due to vanity, still, even so, they testify to the increasing fame of the regatta. What is more important is that more schools, more college crews from Oxford and from Cambridge, and, above all, more competitors from other lands, are entering the lists, and that the Henley carnival—once but a village holiday, and then an excursion for jaded pic-nickers from town—is rapidly becoming an international contest, where rival nations aspire to bear away the palm.

The peculiar interest of this year's meeting lay in the appearance of a crew from Yale. After all that has happened of late in athletic contests with America, after the reverses sustained there by our champions, and the unhappy history of Lord Dunraven's yacht, the news that an eight from Yale University would enter for the Grand Challenge Cup caused an excitement that Henley races do not often rouse. The presence of the visitors was attested not only by the great blue flag with the big Y upon it which floated conspicuous in the landscape, but also by the large number of Americans who had assembled, as they hoped, to witness their compatriots' victory. It fell to the Yale crew at the outset to have to meet the strongest eight upon the river, and the race for the cup, in the eyes of many spectators, was practically rowed in the heat between Yale University and the Leander Club. The result was what only those who had compared the English and American systems of rowing could have foreseen. The Yale crew were stronger and heavier than their rivals. They showed to the end, even when victory became impossible, a pluck and endurance which no English team could have surpassed. The muscular power which they displayed was amazing, and even when their muscles failed them their determination held

out and carried them over the course. But they fell victims to a system whose mistakes they had probably never had an opportunity of discovering before. The fact is that the Americans rowed with their arms, and the Englishmen rowed with their backs and their legs, and the result only proves what in this country has been long established as a truism of rowing, that the man who uses only his arms must infallibly succumb in the long run to the man who works with his back and his legs as well. The Yale men are trained only to row a short course of five hundred yards. For that course their system, difficult and wearing as it is, has been shown to be sufficient and effective. But if the strain be prolonged beyond that, if the race be extended from a short, sharp spurt to a longer struggle, such as the course at Henley, or the even more formidable course from Putney to Mortlake, then no arms alone can be trained to stand it, and the crew which relies on its arms is bound to fail. The famous race on Tuesday is, in fact, a testimony to the admirable system of our rowing men, and we have little doubt that it will lead to some modifications in the system taught at Harvard and at Yale. When our American kinsmen have mastered our methods, the English crews will have to look closely to their laurels, for the trial of Saturday was enough to show that in everything but method the American eight were equal to their conquerors. Disappointed as, of course, the visitors were, we are confident that they will have no complaint to utter against the hearty welcome they received. They were treated from first to last with conspicuous cordiality by the spectators, and every Englishman will join in hoping that they will return to show their skill and pluck upon the Thames again.

With the defeat of the Yale contingent some of the public interest in the racing passed away. But for those who love these rowing contests ample material for enthusiasm remained. The struggle between the Leander Club and the fine crew from New College, Oxford, which, contrary to the general expectation, left the Leander men the winners after a desperate race, proved to be one of the most exciting incidents of the regatta. Scarcely less interesting were the keen encounters between Eton and Jesus College, Oxford—Eton as graceful in their style as ever, and the Jesus men determined to justify their unwonted appearance at Henley—and between Trinity College, Dublin, and the Radley boys. Both schools, lustily supported by adherents on the shores, beat their antagonists, and won glory with their heat. Among other incidents Balliol and Magdalen maintained the credit of their University and defeated opponents from Cambridge, while Mr. Vivian Nickalls, in the race for the Diamond Sculls, was forced to lower the colours which he has so often borne to victory to Mr. Rupert Guinness. On most of the other events of the programme the public for the most part looked with the kindly toleration of people bent upon their own affairs, and the crowd, the sunshine, and the beauty of the prospect filled their minds more than the boatmen's feats. But if numbers and gaiety and a kindly climate make success, no one who this week visited Henley can doubt of the success of its regatta, or deny that it fills in these days a place of honour among the enjoyments in which Englishmen delight.

THE DRAMA.

"The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus."

THERE are one or two outbursts of sheer poetry in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* which will reward the reader for the tediousness of wading through page after page of childish buffoonery. These few passages lose rather than gain by being recited on the stage, for there is nothing dramatic in them, and to taste them to the full you want to repeat them to yourself at your leisure without having your attention distracted by an actor in costume. But the aim of the Elizabethan Stage Society in performing the play was, I suppose, not so much to increase your pleasure in Marlowe as to give you a quite different pleasure: the purely intellectual gratification arising from increased knowledge—the knowledge that you were looking at something very like the sort of thing the Elizabethan public looked at. What amusement, then, there was to be got out of the revival was the amusement of an antiquarian exercise. When you come to analyse it, this amusement depends upon a rather complicated state of mind. You have, first of all, to try and fancy yourself an Elizabethan; to divest yourself of the qualities which three centuries have gradually added to the race; to do, in short, what every good child-trainer does when he puts himself in the child's place. This requires considerable knowledge and no slight effort of the imagination. Then you have to revert to the consciousness of your real self in order to bring that to bear upon the imaginary self and to note the contrasts between the two. It is out of these contrasts that you have to get your amusement. Thus you use your very lack of *naïveté* to make yourself naïve. It is an extremely difficult and "distinguished" kind of game. And mark, that in *Dr. Faustus* you have here and there a further refinement of dilettantism in that you not only project yourself into the past but see exactly how the people of that past projected themselves into a still earlier past. I refer to the calling up of the figure of Helen of Troy before the students, and of Alexander and his paramour before the German Emperor. You have in your mind what these figures mean to the Hellenism of to-day, and you contrast that with what they meant to the Hellenism of the Renaissance. The very mediævalism of the word "paramour" applied to a Greek of antiquity gives you a delicious little thrill—the same thrill one gets from Shakespeare's Duke of Athens. Yes, it is a very choice little game.

Take it altogether, I think I get the same sort of pleasure from *Dr. Faustus* as I get from lounging over one of the glass cabinets of curios in the Bodleian or the Ashmolean—the pleasure of quaint, incongruous juxtapositions. Just as in the cabinet your eye roves from Queen Elizabeth's hawking-glove to a Roman medal, and thence to an illuminated missal, or to Guy Fawkes's lantern, or to "portrait of himself painted by the artist when drunk," so in the play you pass, as by shakes of a kaleidoscope, from grave University students disputing about *corpus naturale* and *mobile* to a glimpse of Hell, with a Lucifer as imagined by a Blake and attendant spirits in the swinish forms of Teniers's "Temptation of St. Anthony"; amid the Maximilian costumes of the Court of Charles V. you have an Alexander *à la* Botticelli, and a "walk round" of the Seven Deadly Sins to their jigging Elizabethan tunes is followed by the entry of a Tadema Helen.

The pedantic bookishness of the thing is, as Mr. Andrew Lang would say, a separate ecstasy. I do not refer only to the lengthy quotations from the best authors—chiefly in Latin and ending with an "etc.," as who should say, "You can supply the context for yourselves, gentlemen; I know I am speaking to scholars"—but to the actual books, the bound volumes, which are such important "properties" in the play. Thus, in the very first scene, when Faustus is discovered in his study, we find him surrounded with books, which he takes up one by one—Aristotle from the table, Galen and Justinian from the floor, "Jerome's Bible" from a lectern. When Mephistophilis confers magical powers upon Faustus it is by means of a book—

> "Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly"—

and Faustus's very last words, as the devils are

bearing him away to torment, are "I'll burn my books." The fact is, this Faustus is an entirely scholastic person, an examinee who sells his soul to the devil for "tips" which shall confound all possible examiners. It is his intellectual curiosity which is insisted on throughout, not his thirst for the "joy of living." True, he begins by bidding Mephistophilis

> " . . . let me have a wife,
> The fairest maid in Germany;
> For I am wanton and lascivious,
> And cannot live without a wife,"

but nothing comes of it. He is not wanton and lascivious, but an incorrigible bookworm who falls to setting Mephistophilis posers in astronomy, as "How many heavens, or spheres, are there?" and "Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?" And so when he visits Rome, and plays pranks on the Pope, it is still in the interests of knowledge. "He now is gone to prove cosmography," says Chorus, and Mephistophilis, knowing his man, gives a lecture on the topography of Rome as elaborate as anything in Murray or Mr. Augustus Hare. A scene in which Faustus presents the Duchess of Vanholt with grapes in January is introduced solely in order that we may have a little lesson in the Physics of the Earth's Surface—how "the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East." Thus Marlowe gives me the impression of a poetic Diderot, and *Dr. Faustus* has precisely the same sort of enthusiasm for knowledge of all kinds as the Encyclopédie. From this point of view the play shows, I think, how the Faust legend originated in the instinctive distrust of the learned by the unlearned, in the popular view of vast learning as a sort of impiety, reinforced of course by the usual ecclesiastical condemnation of "intellectual pride."

Another delight which the play affords the dilettante is, it is almost superfluous to say, to be found in its childlike materialisation of things we have long since learned to spiritualise into abstractions—its good and bad angels, who argue over Faustus's head like a pair of attorneys, its grim horned-and-tailed demons, its comic pantomime devilkins, Baliol and Belcher, who play about the clown's heels like a pair of mischievous puppies. Here it is very hard to recapture the shiver of terror which the Elizabethan man must undoubtedly have felt. Once more one is reminded how the nineteenth-century abolition of a material hell has diminished the public stock of harmless excitement.

The acting by members of the Shakespeare Reading Society, on a stage after the model of the Fortune playhouse, is not a side of the matter which interests me. No doubt Mr. Archer is right in insisting that it was not Elizabethan acting because the *tempo* was too slow, because it was carried out too much in the style of a religious ceremony; but I think a revival of Elizabethan histrionics is a *tour de force* hardly to be expected from mere amateurs. Mr. Mannering as Faustus was very properly "the gentleman and the scholar"; Miss Riddell was a good Chorus; and an unnamed lady who played Envy struck me as an admirable pantomimist—indeed, all the Seven Deadly Sins were quite delightful.

A. B. W.

THE DAWN.

SOMEONE has said that the punishment of dreamers is that they see the dawn before the rest of the world. There may be others whose fate it is actually to watch the dawn more often than they wish; and yet, if this is a punishment, at least they see that which is unequalled for its beauty and its witchery. Poets sing of it, orators take it as a symbol, yet to a large part of the world it remains in fact an unfamiliar vision. Perhaps the slight consciousness that one should be otherwise employed increases the pleasure of seeing it, but the recollection leaves no sting. In the height of summer the night is short. Scarcely by 10 P.M. is it really dark, yet before 2 A.M. on June 24 the darkness began to change, the eastern horizon was a little less completely sombre than the west. The light began to make itself felt, but on the earth there was scarcely a tinge of colour. All was one subtle, delicate, tender grey. The trees stood out dark against the sky, but the difference between the cedar and the beech was scarcely discernible. So too the green grass and the brilliant flower-beds could faintly be distinguished, but the scarlet geraniums and the bright yellow masses were all of the same tone. The quiet stars grew fewer, the lights in the distant town trembled in their ranks, as if they knew their day had come.

Then—out of the great stillness—no faint breath stirring, no leaf moving, as the light grew brighter came one little low twitter, then another, and almost together, like the Clan of Roderick Dhu, up rose out of the ground hundreds of quivering forms that made the whole air vibrate, though they were all invisible. From far and near came this song of the larks, rising up like a vast sea; every field of the hillside, every hollow of the valley contributing its waves, no other bird note heard. On and on it came, in a crescendo so subtle and delicate that no orchestra could rival it, no words describe the even flow of its uprising. Nothing is like it except that other great crescendo of which it is the counterpart—the rising of the light. By this time the stars were gone, save here and there one that lingered, listening, while the "song of the morning" was taken up by the awakening earth.

And now a sheep-bell shook out a few notes. A horse awoke and stood up, breathing hard to warm his nostrils as he dipped his head in the dewy grass. The engine of a shunting train, four miles away in the valley, blurted out a few impatient puffs. A cock in a farm yard proclaimed his opinion in arrogant notes of shrill penetrating sound. A pheasant in a wood changed his place with a loud "cuck, cuck"; a dove murmured softly to her mate. Suddenly, out of a thick hedge, shaking down a clatter of drops upon the laurels, a blackbird bustled, and anxious to put the world to rights, exclaimed:—

> "Pink! Pink!
> Hurry up!
> The day is dawning.
> Why so late,
> Why so late
> On such a morning?"

Perched upon a branch of an oak, he continued in a husky voice to scold his family, and then a cuckoo flew by with a loud cry; others answered him, and soon a great babel arose. Bird notes now were multiplied, they shouted in all directions, the whole orchestra swelled to full fortissimo, till the welkin rang again with song.

Yet the full daylight seemed some way off, the blue of the sky grew deeper every moment, strongest at the zenith, with a blue one does not see in the day, transparent, giving a feeling of distance above and beyond the firmament, a feeling which was present to the Psalmist when he said, "Look how high the Heaven is in comparison of the earth." And in that hour when gladness seemed to cover the face of the earth, and sorrow and sighing to flee away, there was an open door to the mercy-seat of God to them that fear Him.

The sun rose; the dawn was over!

M. L. H. D.

NONO'S CASE.

IT was the Umkosi—the great review that comes but once a year, on her Majesty's birthday. And all the neighbours were going—Madoda and his wife, and Bonyapansi with his, and all Bambata's kraal (except one old grandmother and the infants in arms), and Umnene, and all the rest of them. Nono's husband was working far away—*kwa Mabunu*, in the Boer country—so he was not available as an escort. But Umnene was his brother, and he was going, with his two wives and most of his children—quite a large party, in fact. And why should Nono not go with them? She could leave the baby with her mother-in-law—the old lady was quite willing, and would take good care of it. So Nono went.

It was an eight miles' tramp to town. But these sturdy country-folk were quite willing to pay that price for a day's pleasure; neither did they take it sadly when they got it. They all enjoyed themselves hugely, and started homewards about sunset, merrily enough. I will not say that no *tshwala* had been consumed among the party; but, after all, it was wholesome, home-made stuff—not drugged English beer—and no one had taken enough to make him or her troublesome. There was a good deal of shouting and laughing as they marched over the yellow veldt under the full moon; also some singing, which, though not so intended, sounded lugubrious enough for a funeral; but no blaming each other for *contretemps*, nor punching of scapegoat heads by irate fathers of families.

Near the top of the last hill they passed a friendly kraal, whose inmates had not attended the review. Nono proposed that she should stop here and get one of the men to see her home, instead of going on to Umnene's, which would take her two or three miles out of her way. The rest agreed, and passed on, while she turned up the path which led across the sweet-potato patch to the enclosure. The place seemed very quiet, but, at Nono's call, a sleepy woman with a baby on her back emerged from one of the huts. It took some little time before she understood the state of the case; and then, to Nono's dismay, she said that all the men had gone to a beer-drinking on the other side of the valley.

"But you can still catch Umnene's people if you run," said the woman. "I can hear them talking even now; they have not yet passed the drift. Run quickly, then!"

Nono was already off, throwing back a "*Sala kahle*" over her shoulder. She was fleet of foot, but they had been going quickly downhill, while she had lingered, and she felt doubtful of her power to overtake them, tired as she was, before they reached the stepping-stones. She ran as fast as she could, calling with all her might to them to stop and wait for her. She was forced to slacken her pace a little to get her breath, and just then she felt her arm seized. She wanted to scream, but her heart thumped against her ribs and seemed to choke her. She had not seen the man spring from the shadow of the great clump of aloes by the roadside: he appeared as suddenly as if he had risen out of the ground, or dropped from the sky. She could see his face clearly in the moonlight as she struggled to get away—and she knew him.

All the neighbourhood knew him likewise, and applied strong expressions to him in Zulu. Moreover, on this particular occasion he had been drinking heavily. She struggled, dumbly, like an animal caught in a trap.

"Oh, Nono!" he said thickly, "I love you so! I have loved you such a long time!"

The reply was a vigorous slap across his face from Nono's disengaged hand.

"Let me go!" she cried. "Don't you know I'm a married woman? How dare you speak so to me?"

He caught at her other arm, but she jerked away from him, and looked round for a weapon, screaming all the time at the top of her voice. There was a stone lying on the ground—a jagged piece of shale, just big enough to hold easily in one hand. She reached after it; the sudden lurch brought him to the ground, but he never loosed his hold of her arm, and so dragged her down after him. In another minute they were both on their feet, and she brought the stone down with all her strength on his head, so that the brass rings he wore in his hair jingled again.

He uttered an inarticulate cry of rage and surprise, and tried to seize her by the waist. Nono was not a big woman, but a dozen years or so of hoeing and weeding and carrying loads on her head had made her as hard as nails and as active as a cat. She twisted her arm out of his reach before he could pinion it to her side, and hit him another blow on the head that made his teeth clatter.

His mood had turned to fury, and he gripped her left arm as though he would break it.

"Leave off! Stop, or I'll kill you!"

"Let me go, you *tagati!* I won't stop till you let me go!" And again she hammered at his head with the strength of desperation.

The struggle seemed long to Nono's terrified perceptions, but it must have been over in a minute or two. He was dazed and confused—he swayed uncertainly on his feet; he felt the blood running down his forehead, and involuntarily loosened his hold, and put his hand to his eyes. She broke from his grasp; with a swift, sudden movement she snatched the handkerchief tied round his head; and then a back-handed push sent him reeling, and she was flying down the hill like a hunted deer. She dashed through the ice-cold water of the drift, never stopping to look for the stones—she was half-way up the hill on the other side before she thought she heard feet behind her. . . . . .

Her pace had been failing a little, but this new terror kept the breath in her, and sent her forward again; she saw a kraal just ahead, and dashed in among the huts, nearly upsetting a sleepy old woman who was crouching over a fire with a black pot on it. This was not Umnene's kraal, but that of his nearest neighbour, Vapi; and Vapi's family, with the exception of his oldest wife here present, had gone to the Umkosi, and not yet returned.

The old woman asked, not altogether amiably, what was the matter, and received no answer. Nono was leaning against the outside of a very dilapidated hut, holding both hands to her breast as if to keep her heart from bursting, with a blue and white striped handkerchief clasped between them. Vapi's wife looked at her curiously, and was about to frame another question, when she was interrupted by the appearance of a wild and disordered figure brandishing a knobkerrie and a couple of sticks.

"Nono! Nono! Where is the daughter of Mkakaza? She has killed me—she has bewitched me! She has broken my head, and stolen my handkerchief: she will bewitch me to death with it! Is it not my *insila?* Give me back my handkerchief, Ka Mkakaza!" His voice rose to a piercing scream, like a hysterical woman's.

Nono turned and stood at bay, with flaming eyes. She had taken the handkerchief purposely—not in order to identify him, for there was no doubt on that point, but with some vague notion that it would serve as evidence for her side of the story—and she was not going to give it up. I cannot tell precisely what happened in the struggle that followed, except that one or both of the combatants fell through the dilapidated hut already mentioned (it had been threatening collapse for the last six months) into one of Vapi's domestic interiors, thereby breaking an old pot and a couple of drinking gourds; and that Nono, seizing a stick which Sijumba had dropped in the scuffle, belaboured him soundly, and then escaped to Umnene's with the handkerchief. There she told her story, and got plentiful sympathy, and an escort to her own home.

Next day Sijumba rode into town, and charged Nono ka Mkakaza at the police-court with assault and theft. Nono, by Umnene's advice, was on the

spot with a counter-charge of assault. The magistrate heard Nono's statement, and then said that she must come again to-morrow and bring her witness, Vapi's wife, who had been present at the scene in the kraal:—Umnene, of course, knew nothing, at first hand, after he had parted from Nono on the top of the hill. So they went their ways home again. Umnene suggested their bringing as an additional witness the woman from the kraal where Nono had stopped to ask for an escort; but Nono was reluctant. The Umlungu had only told her to bring Vapi's wife, she said. Perhaps she felt a vague, almost superstitious, dread of evil to follow, if the injunctions of such an authority were exceeded by an hair's breadth. She gave in later on, however, and consented to call for her on her way into town next morning. But when they did so, they found it was too late; the woman had gone to visit her relations at a distance, and was too far on her way to be summoned back in time.

Vapi's wife's evidence was of an unexpected character. She would scarcely have made a satisfactory witness in any case, being exceedingly voluble and not over strong in her intellects; but, besides all this, she was smarting under a sense of injury. She had spent the best part of two days repairing the damaged hut—not to mention that Vapi, when he came home and saw what had happened, had poured out the vials of his wrath upon her head. For all this she blamed not Sijumba, but Nono, and testified accordingly. She did not see how the row began—but Nono always had been a terrible girl for larking with the young men. She (witness) had been sitting there quietly, all by herself, cooking her man's supper, when those two came in, talking and shouting and upsetting the whole place. Yes; she had distinctly seen Nono snatch away Sijumba's handkerchief, and when he tried to take it from her, she took a stick and beat him, and between them they knocked down the hut, and broke a new pot that she bought in town only last week, and it cost her four shillings—no less. Recalled to the point, she said she did not know what had happened before Nono entered the kraal, but she had no manner of doubt in her own mind that, whatever it was, Nono began it. These *Amakolwa* girls—with a spiteful emphasis (Nono was a former pupil at the Mission School, and a regular church-goer)—everyone knew what *they* were, for all the airs they gave themselves, with their frocks and their starched cappies. (Vapi's wife being obviously an adherent of the old skin-petticoat-and-blanket school.) Yes, she was quite sure she had seen Nono take a stone and hit Sijumba on the head as he sat on the ground, and that more than once. She had never heard anything in particular against Sijumba; she supposed young men would be young men, and if harm came of it, it was mostly the girls' fault. And there was that house spoilt, and her back nearly broken with cutting grass to re-thatch it. The witness being once more fairly started on this grievance, her evidence had to be summarily cut short.

Umnene asked for time to bring other witnesses: the woman they had missed in the morning, who would have to be summoned from the Location, and two or three neighbours to speak to Nono's character. But the magistrate would not hear of it. He could not be bothered with legal niceties where "Kafirs" were concerned, and he wanted to get away to his lunch. After all, the case was clear enough. There was Sijumba, with his head bandaged; Nono admitted having punched it for him, and had failed to prove that it was done in self-defence. Fined one pound, or a fortnight's imprisonment.

Umnene produced the money, and they left the court, Nono sobbing, with her face hidden in her shawl. Sijumba strode by jubilant, flinging an insolent word over his shoulder as he passed them. Umnene set his teeth, and his nervous right hand tightened on his stick .... but he had a great respect for the law, and, moreover, a wife and family. . . . So he took no further notice of Sijumba, and whispered to his sister-in-law not to mind. All decent people could understand the true state of the case, and knew better than to believe Vapi's wife.

And Nono went home to her own hut, and sat on the ground, and wept, and would not be comforted. Her mother-in-law and the neighbours shook their heads and talked—not always in whispers—and supposed there was no help for it, and Nono would have to make the best of a bad job, and there was an end of the matter, for the present. As for what Ziwedi would say, when *he* came home . . .!

But that was not the end of it. Nono's husband, as we have seen, was away; but she had two brothers. One of these was working at the Diamond Fields, and therefore out of reach; the other lived at her mother's kraal beyond Zwaartkop. It was not long before he heard the story; and when he did, he took his knobkerries, and went to look for Sijumba.

A day or two later rumours reached the city police of a fatal fight near Nelfontein, and the patrols were out in every direction looking for the survivor. Nono's case had been tried over again—this time by ordeal of battle. But that supreme test had failed to reverse the decision of the magistrate's court; and the dead man they found lying face downward on the yellow grass was not Sijumba. He, for his part, must have got clear across the border, for the police failed to find him, and he was never again seen in Natal.

As for what Ziwedi said, that is best known to his wife, who wrote him the whole story, with much labour of wits and pen, and many bitter tears. So much is certain—there was no scandal when he returned, to the great disappointment of Oka Vapi and a few other *commères* like unto her. But that is all I know.

A. WERNER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"ARE MANNERS DECLINING?"

SIR,—The estimation in which the manners of those at the top are held by those who are not at the top may be gathered from the following.

A labouring man had a difference with one of his fellows. Describing to me what occurred, he said of his opponent, "He was as impudent as if he was a gentleman."

An elderly peer was in the habit of transacting his own business in a public office. A junior clerk, seeing a tall, dignified, white-haired man attending day after day at the counter, asked, "Who is that old man?" "Lord G.," was the reply. "Lord G.! Why, he's so civil, you'd never think he was a lord."

IRISHMAN.

July 7th, 1896.

CYPRUS AND ENGLAND.

SIR,—An interesting article has been published in one of THE SPEAKER'S last numbers treating of the actual, formidable, and victorious Cretan insurrection against Turkish despotism in particular, and of Turkish misrule and atrocities in all its Christian dominions in general.

It is not needful to mention how gratefully indebted are all Turkish subjects to every strong and philanthropic voice raised now and then against such a stigma on European civilisation and the "scourge of humanity."

We are very glad indeed that the noble sons of Albion, prompted by their noble traditions and their whole liberal national life, have at last decided to raise this sacred standard of liberty of the suffering nations and give an end to an abominable, anachronistic, criminal existence.

In the course, however, of your article there is the following phrase, which contradicts the whole spirit of the article—unless, of course, it has been wrongly interpreted. It reads: "In the interest of the Cretans it would have been well had we long ago exchanged Cyprus, where our rule is unappreciated, for Crete, in order that at the proper time we might give over the latter to Greece." The offering of Crete to Greece would be a most generous act on your side, but it remains uncertain whether you mean by exchanging to give back Cyprus to Turkey—which you acknowledge to be reaching rapidly its political death—or to give Cyprus to Greece, to which unquestionably it belongs by race.

This ambiguity has caused among us—the Greek Chypriots—

much excitement and discussion as to the true spirit of the phrase. Some of them are still afraid that you were meaning to give Cyprus to Turkey, a suggestion which, of course, all Cyprus, inhabited by 180,000 Greeks, would oppose by all means. We ourselves are against that explanation, for the following reasons:

First, you would have spoiled the whole article, by which you condemn Turkish misrule and consider the Turkish Empire to be approaching its unavoidable end, had you suggested in the meantime to throw one victim more to the Turkish ferocity.

Moreover, the question of the impossibility of Great Britain's giving Cyprus to Turkey has been, in the face of all the civilised world, solemnly confirmed by both political parties in England; and a British writer should not ignore that his country has declared that not only a whole people, but even a single man, could not be given back to Turkish bondage. Besides, he should know that Cyprus has duly and strongly protested against such a rumour, and a thousand times has declared that we are Greeks, and it is only with Greece that we are anxiously awaiting and expecting to be united. Any other change of our political position we are determined to oppose by all means in our power.

But even if you were speaking of us only as Christians, why, then, again should you suggest our sacrifice to the Turkish butchery for the sake of Cretans? Your article seems to have been inspired by a praiseworthy disinterestedness of British policy and by a generous philanthropic sentiment towards sufferers, so that the reader could not understand how you could apologise for the releasing one people from Turkish bondage on the one hand, and on the other submitting to the same evil another Christian population. There is no worth in doing one good by committing an evil. Unless you are angry at our not having appreciated British administration, and you wanted us to be thus punished, your interest shown to Cretans cannot be frankly explained by the necessary disinterestedness you are desirous to show.

As to British administration in Cyprus, it is a known fact, acknowledged even by your home Government, that Great Britain has not indeed realised the smallest expectations of the inhabitants, by not having yet done anything towards the welfare of the people. On the contrary, the heavy taxation levied on us, and, above all, the unjust tribute of £92,000 we are bound to pay annually by the Cyprus Convention, forced upon us in our ignorance, our consequent distressed condition, and the great indifference shown to our constant complaints and protests, are the chief reasons for our dissatisfaction at British administration in Cyprus. We cannot, however, deny the gratitude owed to your country at our release from Turkish tyranny, self-interested though the political motive may have been; and at the declaration of this grateful sentiment of the island we request to hear from you what really you were meaning by exchanging Cyprus with Crete, without caring about our consequent thanks or protests.

We trust that you are in accordance with us, and as warmly and earnestly you began fighting in the cause of national and topical interests of Crete, you will be kind enough to double your efforts in our cause too, which is entirely the same with that of the sister heroic island.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

S. C. PILAVAKES.

Limasol, Cyprus, June 29th, 1896.

[We certainly never thought of the possibility of a retrocession of Cyprus to Turkey in the past without the most substantial guarantees of its autonomy and virtual exemption from the curse of Turkish rule. And it never entered our mind that the island could be given back to that Power now or at any future time.—ED. SPEAKER.]

HELFORD RIVER.

SONG.

HELFORD RIVER, Helford River,
Blessed may ye be!
We sailed up Helford River
By Durgan from the sea.

O, to hear the hawser chain
Rattle by the ferry there!
Dear, and shall we come again
By Bosahan
By wood and water fair?

All the wood to ransack,
All the wave explore—
Moon on Calamansack,
Ripple on the shore.

Laid asleep and dreaming
On our cabin beds;
Helford River streaming
By two happy heads—
Helford River, streaming
By Durgan to the sea,
Much have we been dreaming
Since we dreamed by thee.

Dear, and shall we dream again
The one dream there?
All may go if that remain
By Bosahan,
And the old face wear!

Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE news of Mrs. Stowe's death must have come the other day with a sort of shock to many who had somehow grown accustomed to think of that long and useful life as closed many years ago. Perhaps the publication of her "Life and Letters"—in two thick and conscientious volumes, if I remember rightly—had something to do with this. People do sometimes have their biographies written in their lifetime—I remember hearing it wickedly said that the late Sir Richard Burton had strong private reasons for personally superintending the operation—but it is hard to imagine their living on after the erection of these tombstones, and one is apt to take for granted that the biography closes the career.

One might say much of a life which takes one back to Italy in the 'Fifties, and the English colony at Florence whence so many noteworthy things proceeded—a life which offers so many points of contact with the literary world of the time, and of which we get interesting glimpses in Miss F. P. Cobbe's recently published "Autobiography." Also it would be interesting to trace the relations between New England Puritanism and the art and literature to which it is popularly supposed to be so hostile. Mr. Henry James, in his life of Hawthorne, sneers—rather unworthily, it seems to me—at the efforts after culture made by the families among whom lay young Hawthorne's visiting acquaintance. But the Philistinism which clung to, and, except in a few of the loftiest spirits, in course of time almost smothered the intellectual side of Puritanism in England, did not flourish, apparently, in the keen New England air. Serious people, with a bias towards story-writing, had—in the days when Mrs. Stowe was young—to convince themselves, or be convinced by the arguments of their friends, that such a pursuit was permissible before they could follow it with an easy conscience; but intellectual occupations, as a whole, were not frowned upon as necessarily frivolous or unorthodox. But such discussions are not to the present purpose. What I want (like Miss Rosa Dartle) to know is, whether Mrs. Stowe has any claim to a permanent place in literature, or whether—as some maintain—the success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was due, not to any literary faculty on her part, but simply to the force of Abolitionist enthusiasm and the mass of accumulated feeling which lay ready like a mine for the match. Those who take this view maintain that all her other works were failures, and are now practically dead. I shall come to that point presently.

In the first place, would "Uncle Tom" have lived, as he indisputably has, and charmed and touched all sorts and conditions of men and women, if his history had been simply a Blue-Book thrown into narrative by an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Slavery Society? Not for one moment could I underrate the power of enthusiasm; but, like other things, enthusiasm chooses the line of least resistance, and works with the instruments it finds. Where it co-exists with the literary faculty, it works through that, and raises it to the *n*th, or any other power you like to mention; where there is no such faculty, it cannot create it, but must find some other

channel. One knows instances of genuine enthusiasm in a noble cause—enthusiasm which showed itself in hard work and indefatigable self-sacrifice—failing to find adequate literary expression. People of this sort fondly imagine that, if they can embody their facts in a story, it will be read and arouse sympathy where no plain statements would penetrate. Alas! stories conscientiously constructed on this principle are really harder to read than Blue-Books, and may only be grappled with by those who bring a considerable amount of sympathy with them. The idea of writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" might conceivably have occurred to Mrs. Stowe, even though she had never before written a story, and—but for the necessity of providing some jam to help down the pill—would never have thought of writing one then or afterwards. But, in that case, who—save thorough-paced Abolitionists who needed it not—would have read it? The verdict of Molière's maid, if not infallible, is not to be lightly disregarded; and she has declared for "Uncle Tom" all the world over. By "Molière's maid" I do not mean the novelette-devouring "general," but simple people, to fascinate whom a book must have some touch of the real, the personally human. I knew two such simple souls in Natal—kidnapped slaves from the Mozambique coast, freed from a dhow by a British man-of-war, and trained from childhood as maid-servants in a kindly colonial family, where they lived for many years. Their mistress was accustomed to read to them for an hour or two on Sunday evenings, and, having finished the "Pilgrim's Progress," chose "Uncle Tom," not without some hesitation, as fearing to hurt their feelings by possible personalities. The experiment was a complete success. Everyone must have noticed how, in households where few works of fiction were permitted when the members were young, Topsy and Miss Ophelia, at any rate, are living figures, and quoted on every possible occasion.

Now as to Mrs. Stowe's other works. She was an indefatigable writer, and I have not read them all—perhaps not nearly all. And there are certain moral tales of very fashionable and less fashionable people in New York, which I will frankly say I don't care for. I think they are called "My Wife and I" and "We and Our Neighbours." I remember, with a certain feeling of resentment—which, however, is ungrateful—discovering one of them in the bookshelves (containing very little that was interesting) of the bedroom assigned me when a guest at a certain American Mission. I looked forward to something amusing to read myself to sleep with, and gradually discovered with deep disgust that I had read it before and liked it so little as to have clean forgotten all about it. It read like an early work—though the facts are against that—and it had awful pictures (for which, of course, Mrs. Stowe was not responsible) of people in the fashions of the later 'Sixties which would be too ugly for anything if they had not been preceded by fashions uglier still.

But "Oldtown Folks." . . . No one seems to have read that book nowadays, yet one took great delight in it, and not at such a very early age, either. It is unequal, of course, and spoilt by a touch or two of melodrama. It has many, if not all, of the qualities of that one fresh and original book which O. W. Holmes says every man has it in him to write—or would have, if every man had the power of expression—out of his own experience, which cannot be precisely like anyone else's. The surroundings of farm and field and woodland—the wonderful, flashing, many-coloured American woodland—the picture of a thoughtful, imaginative child growing up among them, drinking deep of their joys and terrors, wrestling with the spiritual problems which beset his elders—all this is first-hand—*senti, vécu*. So are most of the characters—the delightful big broad-shouldered Calvinistic grandmother, with heart so much larger and softer than her creed; the Arminian grandfather, quite able to hold his own in tough arguments with his wife, but, in spite of his milder views, not a whit more lovable; the stern, capable Aunt Lois, who believes in "breaking children's wills"; the village loafer—Jaazaniah—or was he Jedediah?—reprobated by the elders but beloved of all the children, and in reality a kind of inarticulate poet and naturalist; the boy who—driven to recklessness between the conviction that he is one of the reprobates, and the unholy curiosity born of repressed intellectual cravings—says "damn" in the silence of the night, to see what awful thing may come of it; the rugged, homely Miss Nervy,—who had sailed her brother's ship home from the Mediterranean—explaining difficulties in the "Æneid" with her hands in the dough. These are of the people one does not lightly forget. In fact, take it for all in all, "Oldtown Folks" is a delicious book.

So is "The Minister's Wooing"—but perhaps one can hardly speak so positively as to that; —it is invested with the glamour of memory . . . . and youth. . . . . One read it at Cambridge, long ago. . . . . It sounds strange; but Cambridge has a Free Library (and a very good one in my time) as well as colleges and lectures. . . . . And what riot of unlimited fiction this means in some cases, let those imagine who were somewhat underfed in this direction in early years—who, up to the age of eighteen, had scarcely heard the name of George Eliot, or read a line of Thackeray. Still, one could read "The Minister's Wooing" again with pleasure, if only for the sake of Aunt Candace, with her pleasant habit of feeling coming events "in her bones." And one thinks, somehow, the conclusion of the book must have been comforting to a generation of girls accustomed to hear romance decried and the doctrine preached that matrimony is only justifiable when contracted with a serious person, much your senior (a parson for choice) whom you respect, but feel no great enthusiasm for.

"Dred," read under like circumstances, was likewise enjoyed, though it is doubtful how far enjoyment would attend a renewed perusal. Probably, like many books one reads and forgets the details of, it had a strong influence on one's own literary development—but that is beside the purpose. And since it contains Aunt Nesbit, whose predilection for Gibbon as "a pious writer" has been embalmed by Mr. Birrell in "Obiter Dicta," let no one class "Dred" as rubbish!

W.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON TURKEY.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES FOR TURKEY. Facts and Memories of Forty Years. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London: John Murray.

IN this little book the Duke of Argyll pleads with unabated vigour and eloquence the cause of the Sultan's Christian subjects. Mr. Gladstone, of whom, now that he is out of office, the Duke can afford to speak with courtesy and respect, does not consider the language of the pamphlet to be sufficiently strong. Language is unequal to the description of Turkish rule; but the Duke of Argyll does not mince his words, and we do not think that he is open to the charge of being mealy-mouthed. He claims for himself entire impartiality, and certainly, as he says, he "cannot be suspected of any hostility to Lord Salisbury's Government." There was no ground for such a suspicion, and we may add that there was no cause for such a disclaimer. To Lord Rosebery's Government, and in particular to Lord Rosebery himself, the Duke is extremely hostile; but his only business with Lord Salisbury, whom he once accused of deliberate falsehood in the House of Lords, is to flatter and whitewash him. Everything, on the other hand, which can be

raked up against Lord Rosebery's Turkish policy is pressed into the service of insinuation and innuendo. One cannot help remembering that the late Prime Minister called the Duke a "portentous political pedagogue."

This retrospect, though it is supposed to date from the Crimean War, really begins with Pitt's attempt to get up a campaign against Russia in 1791. Pitt was opposed by Fox, and his great majority did not avail him. The sequel shall be told in the Duke's own words, which apparently embody his conception of the higher statesmanship. "Public opinion was against him, and, like a wise man as he was, he saw it, and beat a hasty retreat." Pitt wished to act against Russia with Prussia and Holland. More than thirty years later his brilliant disciple Canning joined France and Russia in the policy which led to the destruction of the Turkish Fleet at Navarino. But Canning was dead before the battle was fought, and the Duke of Wellington described Navarino as an "untoward event." In 1829, when Russia defeated Turkey and extorted from her the Treaty of Adrianople, the Duke of Wellington was on the point of interfering. Wiser counsels prevailed; but it is from this epoch that the Duke of Argyll dates the fear of Russia which exploded with so much violence in 1854. The Duke manfully defends the Cabinet of 1853, from which he and Mr. Gladstone are the sole survivors. Their aim, he says, was to prevent Russia from becoming the sole protector of the Christian subjects of the Porte. Then all we can say is, that there has seldom been a less justifiable war, and that everything Mr. Bright said of it was true. Moreover, as is quite plainly set forth in Lord Stanmore's life of his father, Lord Aberdeen, then Prime Minister, was driven into it against his will. Like Mr. Pitt, in 1793, he suffered his own better judgment to be overborne by popular clamour. Mr. Gladstone left the Government in 1855, and the Duke of Argyll is the only man now living who was responsible for the Treaty of Paris. One result of that instrument was to make Turkey, whose rulers the Duke justly classes with the lowest savages of Africa, a "Great Power." Another was to exclude Russia for fourteen years from maintaining a fleet in the Black Sea. The Duke was a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government when Prince Gortschakoff tore up the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty after the defeat of France by Prussia. He is satisfied with the results of the Crimean war, and we must leave him to his satisfaction. Mr. Gladstone, who was free to criticise the Treaty of Paris, pointed out with perfect truth that it contained no machinery for enforcing the better government of Christian Turkey. Of course, therefore, nothing was done.

The Duke of Argyll fully recognises, and indeed insists upon, the fact that our interference between Russia and Turkey imposed on us the duty of protecting the Christian populations in the Turkish Empire. As he says, with equal truth and point, "the treaty rests upon our obligations, and not our obligations on the treaty." It is, however, a melancholy fact that, so far from having discharged the task to which by our interference we committed ourselves, we slackened our efforts as the years went on. A year after the Treaty of Paris, in June, 1857, the Turks began to bully the Christians of Bosnia. Lord Clarendon thereupon wrote: "Her Majesty's Government know by experience the utter inutility of appealing on such matters to the Porte; but the Turkish Government should be made aware that if this systematic misgovernment and persecution of Christians, and violations of engagements continue it will be impossible to arrest the progress of the opinion which is now manifesting itself that Mohammedan rule is incompatible with civilisation and humanity, and can no longer be endured." The worst of it is that the farther we go back the firmer is the tone of the British Government. In 1857 Lord Clarendon was Foreign Secretary in the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, a friend of the Turk, but a peremptory Minister. In 1844 Lord Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, a lover of peace and apostle of non-intervention. There had been a single case of persecuting a Christian convert, and Lord Aberdeen, twelve years before the Treaty of Paris, wrote to Sir Stratford Canning, "Her Majesty's Government requires the Porte to abandon, once for all, so revolting a principle. They have no wish to humble the Porte by imposing upon it an unreasonable obligation, but, as a Christian Government, the protection of those who profess a common belief with themselves from persecution or oppression, on that account alone, by their Mohammedan rulers, is a paramount duty with them, and one from which they cannot recede." It is melancholy to turn from these firm and dignified despatches to that which Sir Henry Elliot degraded himself by writing from Constantinople twenty years after the Treaty of Paris, in September, 1876. "We may and must," said Sir Henry, "feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down [there was no insurrection—only a massacre]; but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished in the suppression." Sir Henry Elliot might as well have blurted out at once that morality in public affairs is an idle dream.

The Duke of Argyll is a staunch supporter of Russia, and highly praises her magnanimous conduct in 1876 and 1878. Before the war she made the most reasonable proposal that "Austria should occupy Bosnia, that she herself should occupy Bulgaria, and that the combined fleets of Europe should occupy the Bosphorus and Dardanelles." The infatuated folly of Lord Beaconsfield stood in the way of this and every other arrangement. The Duke of Argyll contends that the Treaty of Berlin is in substance the Treaty of San Stefano. But he has to admit, rather inconsistently, that a European was substituted for a Russian Protectorate. If the miserable charlatan who then presumed to speak for England had not, with Lord Salisbury's assistance, interfered, there would have been no Armenian massacres. "The evil that men do lives after them." There was no good to be interred with Dizzy's bones.

An American missionary, quoted by the Duke, has described the Sublime Porte in terms upon which even Mr. Gladstone could hardly improve. "Nothing was forbidden by that Government but humanity, and nothing has been rewarded but ferocity." When he comes down to the year 1894 the Duke of Argyll unhappily becomes the victim of personal prejudice. Nothing that Lord Rosebery does is right. Nothing that Lord Salisbury does is wrong. He blames Lord Rosebery for establishing a European concert to do nothing, which was the act not of Lord Rosebery, but of Lord Salisbury. He censures Lord Rosebery for not appealing to Russia, which is exactly what Lord Rosebery did, though he appealed to France as well. He severely condemns the "sham inquiry" of the Turkish Commission. The commission would have been a sham if it had not been accompanied by European Consuls. But it was accompanied by European Consuls and it resulted in bringing out, if not the whole truth of the massacres, at least enough to justify diplomatic action. Pouncing upon a single passage in a single despatch from Sir Frank Lascelles to Lord Kimberley, he infers that if the Liberal Government had taken the opportunity, Russia might then have been induced to intervene. But subsequent events, and especially the cynical utterances of Prince Lobanoff, completely dispel this illusion. In the Duke's advice that we should endeavour to act in alliance with Russia we most heartily concur, and we regret that he should have marred his argument by the preposterously paradoxical suggestion that Lord Salisbury's failure with the Sultan was due to Lord

Rosebery's blunders. If Lord Rosebery had appealed to Heaven, and then explained that he meant nothing by his appeal, the Duke of Argyll would have imputed to him both blasphemy and hypocrisy. Yet that is exactly what Lord Salisbury did.

SOME OLD FRENCH PICTURES.

THE STORY OF TWO SALONS. By Edith Sichel. London: Edward Arnold.

PICTURES in words these are which Miss Sichel has drawn—light, amusing, with a certain undercurrent of melancholy, for they call up a dead world and manners that cannot be restored. The Salon, which once signified all that was most charming in French society, now means only a room where painters exhibit; and brilliant Frenchwomen are those that wear the newest frocks, not those to whom artists and poets look for inspiration. Pauline de Beaumont would be laughed at in modern Paris on the score of her ridiculous poverty; and Madame Récamier would surely be pestered to make of herself a lay figure on which the great milliners might hang their productions. Old France gave us Madame du Deffand, Madame Suard—even, one might say, Madame de Staël. The Third Republic glories in Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Clovis Hugues—nervous-tragic or martial-explosive creatures, at whose presence the Hôtel de Rambouillet would have taken to flight. "The English," said Voltaire often, "are wise, but we French are amiable." It is that exquisite, or even passionate, amiability which Miss Sichel has studied; and in her very lively pages we seem to catch the sound of what was surely the most urbane and witty conversation ever held in a modern tongue.

"Il n'y a que les Français pour la causerie," said a woman of the world who had talked with the best abroad and at home. Talk, not gossip—lightsome, sparkling, tender, gay, picturesque, malicious, awakening—one of the finest of fine arts. Our solid English cannot render that volatile essence; it is air and foam—bright, evanescent. We have not, perhaps, one single book which, in attempting to reproduce it, does not deepen into a bass or slacken to the slow andante. Or else the translation itself seems French rather than Anglo-Saxon. Miss Sichel has chosen to keep close to her text; she does not mind being a little unidiomatic; it is better than losing all the fire and the fancy which she perceives yet cannot quite express in our solemn rhythms. But let us see what she has actually given us.

The two *salons* are, first, that which Madame Suard held in the days of Marmontel, Morellet, Buffon, Condorcet, and the enthusiasts who brought on the Revolution with a light heart; but, second, that where Madame de Beaumont presided, and Joubert and Chateaubriand found themselves at home. The Suard household we may describe as heathens, worshipping genius and Voltaire. Pauline de Beaumont was not exactly of this kind; she had passed by the scaffold on which all her family had perished; she could not adore even Rousseau; but Chateaubriand, that French Byron, an everlasting *poseur*, yet wielding the magic style, in comparison with which Byron is commonplace—this René-Atala, and sentimental, non-practising Christian, was the god of her idolatry. When she died in Rome, the rhetorician put up a monument to her in San Luigi dei Francesi, forgot that she had ever lived, and turned for consolation to Madame Récamier. This "melodrama" of emotion which was served up hot, and was always freezing on the table, Miss Sichel has described with a good deal of truth and some indulgence. It is the most *intimate* chapter, as the French would say, which her volume contains. An amusing counterfoil to the tired Breton is that "tempest in petticoats," Madame de Staël, who quarrelled with him, pardoned him, and would probably not have declined to begin with him the romance which she ended with a far more delusive and empty-headed phantom, Benjamin Constant. But the man and woman of genius could never agree.

Joubert is the purest of these figures, and the simplest—nor have we quite done with him in England, at least if we would understand the serious classic French temper which he represents so admirably. No man saw the limits of *le grand siècle* more clearly than he did; but as none loved its achievements with more devotion, he had a standard by which to pass judgment on the new romantic school; and in Chateaubriand what pleased him was the teacher of the beautiful, not the would-be prophet. To Madame de Beaumont he showed himself ever the kindest of friends. Poor woman—she needed his wisdom and philosophy! Adore the French Byron as she might, that lion of many seasons could not be content with a single worshipper. Strange prophet, distracted between his vanities and his love-affairs; yet sometimes generous, and often more unhappy than he pretended to be! As we read Miss Sichel's discreet story of the great man and Madame de Custine—another devotee whom he kept in reserve—we ask ourselves whether anyone who is not French can really enter into the mind of these curiously-assorted people. Is it all melodrama? And must a second young woman—or even a second old one—enter from the side-scenes whenever the first quits the stage, though but for a moment? What is the true account of sentimentalism? "Mais—il me faut des émotions," says Miss Blanche Amory to Pendennis. Very likely she was right; and one would pity her husband—unless he, too, had a taste for emotions.

As is usual in English writers, Miss Sichel, when she has occasion to speak of the Jansenists *à propos* of Madame de Beaumont, imagines that these excessively dry and uninspiring teachers represent the best side of French Christianity. But Pascal is the one man of genius Port Royal had—the others were pedants or mediocrities. And St. Francis de Sales, Fénelon, St. Vincent de Paul, Mabillon, not only were not Jansenists but looked upon that school as Calvinism very slightly disguised. Now, it will hardly be contended that the Christianity which is again exerting a charm and putting forth its influence in European society comes from Geneva. This view is out of date; modern criticism would prefer to see in the Jansenists and their followers a dissolving power which prepared the way for 1789. But, leaving these deep historical problems, we may commend a volume which is agreeable surface-painting, and which will be instructive on many points, even to those who prefer to read about the French *salons* in the language so gracefully spoken within them.

THE VICTORIES OF JAPAN.

THE CHINA-JAPAN WAR. Compiled from Japanese, Chinese, and foreign sources by "Vladimir." London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

FOR many reasons the late war in the East will rank among the most remarkable events of the nineteenth century. The scope and the variety of the operations invest the campaign with peculiar interest. New armaments received their first practical test; large armour-clad squadrons fought for the first time; light on several vexed questions was forthcoming. Politically, however, the war was of far greater importance. The great Chinese bubble, which survived two conflicts with Western Powers, was finally pricked; a new armed nation appeared upon the scene; the *status quo* in the Far East, long existing, was suddenly destroyed, and the results cannot yet be foreseen.

The anonymous author of the first complete history of the war has achieved a distinct success. Wisely forbearing to overload his pages with comments, he presents a lucid narrative which supplies some gaps in our previous knowledge, and appeals alike to the civilian and the professional reader.

The opening chapter, dealing with the past relations between China, Japan, and Corea, is full of interest. The history of Japan presents striking points of resemblance to our own; the island nations of the West and of the Far East have passed through the same experiences. Over-sea expeditions, which possessed attractions for the Japanese at an early date, at length drew upon them a veritable Armada. The Mongol Empire was their Spain, Kublai Khan their Philip. The Eastern, like the later Western Armada, was "unlucky from the beginning; the commander-in-chief fell sick, and his successor was unequal to the task of directing such an unwieldy host." Santa Cruz died, and the command of our Armada fell to Medina Sidonia. "Marco Polo asserts that dissension prevailed among the Mongol Generals." Harmony did not prevail on board the Spanish fleet. "A dreadful tempest," attributed by the Japanese to divine intervention, destroyed the greater part of Kublai Khan's vessels, and the remainder, "together with the shipwrecked survivors, were cut to pieces by the Japanese." Till recently, it was generally believed that the Spanish Armada was mainly defeated by a storm also Heaven-sent; its shipwrecked survivors were mercilessly slaughtered on the coasts of Ireland. The Mongol power which had penetrated far into Europe was thus shattered by the islanders of the East. In the sixteenth century Japan had her crusades, and her mail-clad warriors fought the Chinese in Corea; while her "gentleman adventurers"—misnamed pirates—harried the coasts of the neighbouring continent. Finally, a feudal system resembling our own gave rise to civil war, and at length to a revolution which ushered in constitutional government. There are even points of great similarity between the recent Japanese campaign starting from Chemulpo and our own Peninsular operations, based on Lisbon.

The chapter of military history which "Vladimir" unfolds is on all grounds worth careful study. From their over-sea base in Corea the first Japanese army marched nearly 500 miles through an extremely difficult and practically roadless country in midwinter, effecting a junction with the second army, which had advanced fully 160 miles from Port Arthur. Admitting the general feebleness of the Chinese resistance, this was, nevertheless, a great military achievement, and it is to be regretted that fuller details of the transport arrangements, which enabled large forces to be supplied in these inhospitable regions, are not forthcoming. Signal success on land was rendered possible by success as signal at sea. The naval action of Hai-Yang gave undisputed command of the sea to the Japanese, and enabled them not only to capture the strongly fortified positions of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, but to prosecute the land campaign with communications secured. As in the Peninsular war, and in a hundred other instances, naval supremacy virtually decided the issue. Defeat in the battle of Hai-Yang would have entailed irremediable disaster; in face of a superior navy the invasion of Corea could not have been undertaken.

The diagrams accompanying the description of the battle contrast curiously with those familiar to students of naval history. The simplicity of evolutions which characterised the era of Nelson has disappeared, and the movements of the Japanese squadron assumed the form of involved and complex curves enveloping the Chinese fleet, which seems to have fought as if under sail. There can be little doubt that in his bold handling of the fast vessels of his fleet Admiral Ito has pointed out the clue to the tactics of modern naval war. "Some critics have contemptuously remarked that a naval battle between two European fleets could never have lasted nearly five hours without the complete destruction of one or both." As "Vladimir" justly states, "This is a false conclusion drawn from a confusion of modern vessels with ancient tactics." It is certain that warships possessed of high speed and capable of being easily manœuvred will not lie alongside and pound each other with projectiles till one or the other surrenders, and it follows that naval actions will take the form of a succession of intricate encounters in which the relative positions of the combatants will undergo rapid and continuous changes. Under such conditions, nerve, the power of instant decision, and intimate knowledge of the capabilities of the ship—in other words, all the greatest qualities of a seaman—will be far more than ever important. The idea frequently put forward that steam and modern weapons have tended to equalise navies and to annul the value of the moral factor is radically false.

Of the capture of Wei-hai-wei the author gives an excellent account, adding to our previous knowledge, and correcting several misapprehensions. Penned up in harbour by the Japanese squadron, Admiral Ting's ships were rendered practically helpless. The forts defending the back door of this naval station quickly fell like those of Port Arthur, and some of their guns were manned by the invaders. The island of Liu-kung, however, held out and was practically unassailable. Under these circumstances the Japanese brought their torpedo-boats into action. The first attack on the night of the 30th January proved a failure. "The land forces were not warned, and the Japanese troops in the eastern forts, thinking the Chinese were attacking, fired on the torpedo-boats, which were obliged to retreat." On the following night a great storm arose, which drove the boats and the greater part of the squadron to seek shelter. On the night of the 5th February, an attack was delivered by ten torpedo-boats, four of which succeeded in firing eight torpedoes. Two boats were lost, and three injured; but the Chinese armour-clad *Ting-Yuen* was sunk. The Japanese casualties amounted to forty-five, the number of killed or drowned being fifteen. Again, on the next night, five boats entered the harbour, and succeeded in sinking three Chinese vessels. On the morning of the 7th February eleven Chinese torpedo-boats and two launches attempted to escape; but were overhauled and captured by the Japanese cruisers. The operations are remarkable as the first instance of the systematic employment of a considerable torpedo-boat flotilla against shipping in harbour. In spite of cold so intense that men were frozen to death, the attacks were carried out with a gallantry which could not have been exceeded by the sailors of any navy, and the direct results were very great, while the moral effect sufficed to precipitate Admiral Ting's surrender. The Chinese, however, appear to have taken no special precautions, and neither in armament or training were well prepared to offer effective resistance, while the entire shore line was in the hands of the Japanese.

Some of the incidents related by the author are curiously suggestive. In a house which had been temporarily occupied by General Sung were found the "works of Sun and Wu," two eminent military writers of the sixth and fourth centuries B.C. At Port Arthur:—

> Rani, the captain of one of the companies detached to attack the Erh-lung-shan forts, had long been suffering from dysentery, but on the day of the assault he overcame his weakness and marched at the head of his men; but when within one hundred yards of the fort, he broke down and had to lie on the ground while his men rushed on. Taken to the hospital, he never could forgive his weakness, and on the morning of the 28th November (a week after the battle) he escaped from the hospital, went to the spot where he had succumbed, and killed himself with his sword. The following letter was found by his side:—
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> "It was here that disease compelled me to halt and suffer my men to attack the fort without me. Never can I wipe out the disgrace while I live. To vindicate my honour, I die here, and leave this letter to speak for me."

A nation which to the spirit of mediæval chivalry is able to add the organising faculty of modern Germany will certainly go far, and readers of this most interesting book cannot fail to realise the immense importance of the new Power which has suddenly risen above the Eastern horizon.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

Popular History of Animals for Young People. By H. Scherren. London: Cassell & Co.

Birdcraft. By Mabel Osgood Wright. London: Macmillan & Co.

If by Popular Natural History is meant the unscientific study of Nature, there is yet one department of science whose inclusion in familiar zoology enhances rather than impairs its popularity. The general student who shrinks from life-history and structure, from experiment with microscope and scalpel, none the less covets orderliness and classification in his knowledge of plants and animals—covets even more eagerly such grasp of their affinities as will enable him to locate roughly and generally in family and order the unfamiliar specimens which he may encounter. To this instinct the books before us undertake to minister: they interpret and expand the romance and interest yielded by jungle, ocean, forest, by life wild and domesticated, rapacious, or pathetic, or endearing; yet present it in a series neither fortuitous nor arbitrary, but obeying and thereby inculcating the laws of accepted natural relationships.

Mr. Scherren's book, as measured by its title-page, is probably the best compendium of zoology which has appeared. It is exceedingly full, sufficiently minute, scientifically arranged, fairly sprinkled with appropriate and amusing anecdotes; it more than covers the ground marked out in J. G. Wood's large book, hitherto the only ambitious manual of the kind; and the numerous illustrations minister to the text instead of swamping it. We have two regrets to offer: it begins at the wrong end, and it lacks synoptical tables. The first perversion is the more serious, for the student foregoes by means of it the fascinating and necessary acquaintance with development; is debarred from insight into Nature's manufactory, from following her conception, improvement, perfecting, of each organ, member, family, in the ascent from the Protozoa to the Primates, from the Amœba to the Man. The second deficiency confuses the clearness of the record. The beginner will often be uncertain as he reads, whether he is amongst Apes or Monkeys, Ungulates or Carnivora, Passerines or Climbers; could he glance back to a preceding table, his mind would recover and retain the co-ordinations necessary to be borne in mind. A glance at the second book on our list will show how much excellence it owes to this provision. Mr. Scherren's opening chapter vindicates the close kinship of the higher apes to man. There are bad men as vicious as Gorillas; Orangs as gentle, dutiful, affectionate as the better sorts of men. Romanes's Chimpanzee counted up to six; Burton's Monkey held converse with him in a vocabulary of sixty words; their tenderness, gratitude, resentment, moral consciousness, are undistinguishable from ours. The Borneo Apes, says Mr. Hornaday, eat, drink, fight like any human rough; their females suckle the young and carry them astride upon their hips as do the Coolie mothers of Hindostan. The race is human in its habits, human in its emotional display of affection, satisfaction, pain, and rage. The characteristic anecdotes with which the book abounds will be new to most readers, though scrupulously fortified by references. The greater English Bat, two drachms in weight, will eat eight drachms' weight of cockchafers at a meal. The Glutton, reputed dull and stupid, will thieve and secrete during a hunter's absence from his lodge every portable article. The Pangolin, a small ant-eater, coils itself round the elephant's trunk, compressing it till the huge beast is suffocated. We have the Buffalo Birds digging grubs out of the backs of grateful cattle, and the Spur-winged Plover—the fact vouched for by Cook, the father of tourists, as by Herodotus, the father of history—ridding the crocodile's jaw and palate of infesting leeches. The Motmot trims with its scissor-like beak the two long feathers of its tail, leaving a gap on either side of the shaft at about an inch from the extremity, in deference to Motmot fashionism. We are told of a Pike weighing forty-eight pounds; of an equally authenticated Trout weighing twenty-six pounds. Old stories are confirmed of the strangely migrating Lemmings; of the blood-sucking Vampires; of the five Pythons together in a cage who became two Pythons in a single night; of the marauding Voles who, on one Scottish farm in 1891–2, inflicted £50,000 of damage. We are bidden to condole with the United States on their selection of the Bald Eagle, a robber and a coward, as their national emblem. We learn how Tommy Atkins successfully stalks wild Peacock in India by blackening his face and borrowing the white garment of a native. On religious grounds, no native will harm a peacock; and the birds, less penetrating than Mr. Alfred Jingle's Ponto, fail to suspect the danger. The book concludes with Professor Milne's unanswerable Amœba puzzle. Here is an Amœba; call him Tom. Tom constricts in the middle till he splits into two Amœbas; call them Dick and Harry. "Tom has disappeared without having died, Dick and Harry have come into existence without having been born. Where is Tom at the end of the process?"

"Birdcraft" is exclusively American, and not a little tantalising. It is like a book suggestively illustrated, whose letterpress is an unknown tongue; its associations with pleasant outdoor summer life are unintelligible to us, who are strangers to the feathered life which makes its charm. Of common English birds the Wren, Jay, Crow, Redpoll; the Kittiwake, Mallard, Turnstone, Petrel, are found in the woodlands, marshes, foreshores of the States; the Sparrows, with cruel kindness, are introduced among them; rarer visitors to ourselves, the Waxwing, Crossbill, Oriole, are established denizens with them; and that is all. Their thrushes are not the Mavis and the Merle of Britain; their Robin is in species and appearance different from ours; their Cuckoo is neither a wandering voice, nor an immoral parent; while the illustrative pets of their literature, the Bobolink and Veery, Snowy Owl and Whip-poor-Will, the gorgeous Cardinal and Tanager, have never visited our coasts. Nearest to our nightingale comes the Veery; the Bobolink imperfectly represents, and is devoured even more mercilessly than, our skylark: "four on a skewer for 60 cents" is its familiar epitaph on a restaurant bill of fare. The Song-sparrow is their first spring warbler; the Blue-bird, azure backed and crimson breasted, their first brightly coloured returning migrant. The Cat-bird, with its note of rippling mockery, is the jester of their aviary. The Cow-bird, polygamous and nestless, has the culpable habits of the English cuckoo, though the foster-mother, unlike our weak-minded hedge sparrow, frequently ejects the young intruder. The Canvas-back is the special delicacy of a transatlantic table; it acquires a peculiar flavour by feeding on so-called wild celery, the *vallisneria* of our aquariums. Throughout, the book is admirably written; it has a graceful preface, an excellent index, a useful ornithological key; the plates, coloured and plain, are of high merit both in fidelity and execution; and the bird biographies are prefaced by a synopsis of families and orders. As we ponder over this wealth of avian life unfamiliar to European naturalists, in which Americans rejoice, mortification at our ignorance is lost in compassion for their corresponding deficiency. To them the bird-lore of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, is mere book-lore, evoking none of the rapturous half-realised reminiscences which make the bliss of solitude. The Ruddock with its charitable bill, the Lark that startled the dull night of Forest Hill, the premature nuptials in the orchard trees of Cowper's pairing time, the rookery of Bracebridge Hall, Wordsworth's Stockdove with its serious faith and inward glee, the Nightingale of Coleridge's wonderful verse and Walton's not less inspired prose, "the too quick despairer" of Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis," the blackbird fretting the summer

jenneting on Tennyson's espaliers and standards, are no more to them, than are to us—a loss immeasurably less—Longfellow's Owaissa, or Walt Whitman's Mocking Bird, or Emerson's Chickadee. The mythic New Zealander, when the time arrives for him to take his seat upon the piers of Waterloo Bridge, will contemplate pityingly the unpeopled marsh which holds the ruins of what once were Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; but the Bitterns, with which Peter Bell the Third, much plagiarised by Macaulay, has thought fit to colonise them, will not speak to him with the same flavour which they yield to us, of Bewick and of Gilbert White, of Chaucer and of Dryden, of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," of Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," of the butter-bump of the Northern Farmer.

A BIT OF ULSTER.

ULSTER AS IT IS; OR, TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS AN IRISH EDITOR. By Thomas Macknight. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. MACKNIGHT is not an Ulsterman, and, indeed, says he is an Englishman. He has, however, lived long enough in Belfast to have imbibed most of the Belfast prejudices, and his book is an interesting study. He writes courteously, he is guilty of no *bêtise*, and, indeed, his newspaper, the *Northern Whig*, has long been distinguished among Irish papers by its unvarying restraint. He is accurate, painstaking, and a little long-winded. But his book is only negatively illuminative. He is so rigidly impersonal, so unsparingly praiseful about living Unionists, that one cannot but feel, after reading through his nine hundred pages of Imperial and local history, that he has told us little directly which is of permanent value. Let us see what, by his omissions rather than by his assertions, he teaches us.

In the first place he makes it pretty clear that, though his own point of view originally was that of a moderate English Liberal, he found the section to whom his newspaper appealed—the Ulster Scots—were not English in sentiment or feeling. The editor of the Liberal paper in Derry told him, "I never read Thackeray. My ancestors were Scotch. My favourite reading now, and at all times, is the Scotch metaphysics. They sharpen the mind, give it analytical power." Not to read Thackeray is to be more Scotch than the Scotch. The same Derry editor said to him of Lord John Russell: "But of course he knew nothing, and still knows nothing, of the Ulster land question. No Englishmen can understand it. I see from your articles that you don't." "Thank you," replied Mr. Macknight, "perhaps I may live and learn." "No Englishman," answered the uncompromising Derry man, "can understand the land question." The Derry man, allowing for the hyper-Scotch Ulster habit of emphasis, was substantially right. But what are we to think of him as a logician when we learn that he and those who think with him looked to the Imperial Parliament, composed of three-fourths of Englishmen, to settle the question which no Englishman could understand? Mr. Macknight, of course, did not accept his Derry friend's premises. He believes that the Land Acts of 1881 and 1887 have proved that Englishmen can understand the Irish land question. Many of the commercial community of Belfast probably agree with the editor of the *Northern Whig*. But the Ulster farmers do not believe the Land Acts have settled the land question. They will tell you that their lot, always a hard one, is harder than ever it was. They will add that the *Northern Whig* does not to this day understand the land question. One Presbyterian elder living within fifteen miles of Belfast told the present writer that he had given up reading the *Whig* in consequence, and so, he added, had most of the farmers. When he was asked what they read instead, the answer was characteristic: "Nout—but their Bibles!"

There is, of course, a Nationalist paper in Belfast in which our farmer-friend would have found his views on the land question industriously expounded. But it had not occurred to him to take in the Nationalist paper. The reason was very simple. It was not that the Nationalist paper was in favour of Home Rule. He had no very strong views one way or other about Home Rule. It was that the Nationalist paper was conducted by Catholics, and on what are called Catholic lines. And this brings us to the second lesson of Mr. Macknight's book. The Ulsterman is not Philo-English, but he is very determinedly Anti-Papist. Mr. Macknight tries to make out that the United Irishmen of Antrim and Down at the end of the last century were not Anti-English, and claims to know this from the oral tradition of their descendants. With all deference to him, we cannot accept his testimony as against the overwhelming current of authority as to the feeling of the eighteenth century Ulster-Scot both in England and America. The Ulster-Scot of those days hated England as much as O'Connell did—perhaps more. If there had been a majority of Ulster-Scots in Ireland in 1798, in all probability Ireland would have, in Colonial phrase, "cut the painter." But they had no particular love of the "native Irish." The vast majority of them were opposed, after the Union, to Catholic Emancipation. The Ulster Protestants, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, voted nearly solidly against Emancipation down to 1829, and Lord Castlereagh himself could not have retained his seat for County Down, while in a half-hearted way supporting Emancipation, if he had not commanded vast territorial influence. The same feeling remained long afterwards. It gave Dr. Cooke his majority in the Presbyterian General Assembly. It tinged the sermons of even the "Liberal" ministers. Soon after he came to Belfast, Mr. Macknight thought to commend a Conservative clergyman whom he was introducing to a leading Liberal minister by saying he had never heard him denouncing the Pope. The Liberal minister was not at all pleased, and said, "But he ought to say something against the Pope, then." The man in the street shouted, "To hell with the Pope!" and the minister expanded the same sentiment in the pulpit.

When Mr. Macknight came to Belfast an effort was being made—on the success of which the success of the Union largely depended—to form an Irish Liberal party. It was early in the sixties, and the chances were favourable. The country was fairly prosperous, and the American War had given a great impetus to the linen industry. Steamships, railways, and telegraph had brought Ireland and England closer together. The breakdown of Repealers and Young Irelanders had left nationalism without Parliamentary representation. Fenianism, though growing year by year, seemed to the Parliamentarian a negligible quantity. The Catholic Bishops were, except on the Education question, orthodox and even complacent Whigs. On two great and pressing questions—the land and the Church—Southern Catholics and Northern Presbyterians had the same grievances, and it did not seem impossible that both would find in the new democratic Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone adequate relief. Yet Mr. Macknight's book is the record of a failure. The transplanted tree of Liberalism did not take root. The orange on the one side and the green on the other were too strong for it.

It is not for us to apportion the blame. The English Parliament must bear a part of it, if it be indeed a cause for blame that Parliament men, being mere mortals, failed to understand the conditions of a country so unlike their own. The Nationalists, let us grant it, were a little quick to grasp at the conclusion that England could never learn to be fair to them. But a share also of the blame must rest on the Ulster Liberals. Their hereditary dis-

trust of Catholics prevented any effective co-operation even with the Catholics of their own province. They carried, at one time or other, with Catholic aid, every single Ulster county, and most Ulster boroughs. But they could never get their own people to vote solidly for a Catholic Liberal candidate, and no one of the successful Ulster Liberal candidates was a Catholic. The Catholics became tired of being in politics as in other things mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Whig friends. They broke loose, and with the extended franchise the Whigs were unable to return a single candidate in Ulster. It was not merely a question of dividing the spoils. The Ulster Liberals conspicuously failed to get into touch with the South. They never met the Denominationalists half-way. They never met the national spirit half-way. And consequently they were left stranded. The failure was partly due to a lack of leaders. The Ulster-Scot has the very highest commercial ability, and in America he has shown equal ability as a political and military leader. But his temperament is not expansive, and he lacks the spontaneous enthusiasm which is necessary to direct a party. There was never a really big man among the Ulster Liberals, and Sharman Crawford, who was the biggest of them, had to take refuge in an English constituency. But the failure was even more due to the fear of the Pope. Those sermons had been too fatally effective.

We have stated the facts as we have deduced them from Mr. Macknight's book and some outer experience. We have not time to draw the moral. Looking at the matter quite dispassionately, the natural conclusion is that the men of the north-east corner, having proved themselves in a sense to be men apart both from England and Ireland, should have a little *imperium in imperio* of their own under the Home Rule Parliament. This is the offer which Mr. Gladstone made more than once, though he knew as well as anyone what difficulties there were in the way. Ulster Members refused the offer, but Mr. Macknight makes it clear—and this is perhaps the most useful positive lesson conveyed in the book—that the commercial classes, at least, would not persist in the refusal if they really saw that Home Rule was coming. Up till now they have talked big, being no unskilful players at the game of bluff.

FICTION.

Doctor Congalton's Legacy. A Chronicle of North Country By-Ways. By Henry Johnston. London: Methuen & Co.
When Leaves Were Green. A Novel. By Sydney Hodges. In 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
The Power of the Dog. By Rowland Grey. London: Jarrold & Sons.

It has lately been murmured by certain captious persons that the Scottish novel has been overdone, and that the mine so successfully worked by such writers as Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, and "Ian Maclaren" is finally exhausted. Should the obvious error of this statement need any refutation, ample material is at hand in the shape of Mr. Henry Johnston's new novel of Scottish life, entitled "Dr. Congalton's Legacy." There is always room in our literature and in our affections for a book such as this. It is a book of sterling merit, and even charm; brimful of humour, tenderness, and genial observation of life, and packed from cover to cover with delightful pictures of men and manners as they exist north of the Tweed. Of actual story "Dr. Congalton's Legacy" can, it is true, make but little boast, its plot being extremely slight and by no means exciting. The whole charm and value of the book lies in the singular fidelity of its portraiture—a fidelity so vivid and minute that by its aid the rugged humours of Scottish rural life are laid bare for our inspection with most entertaining effect. What do we care that the story is meagre in incident and wandering in construction, while all through its pages Mr. Johnston's inimitable drolls are debating in solemn conclave, with portentous headshakings, over the erratic disposal of the deceased Dr. Congalton's property? These quaint rustics have all the force and individuality of people known to the reader, from Zedie Lawson, whose "kirk name was Zedekiah, and he knew this when his wife was angry," down to the factor who earned the reprobation of his fellow gossips by walking at the good doctor's funeral "wi' his nose i' the air as if he was immortal." Of the strange testamentary dispositions, and their consequences, about which these worthy creatures concern themselves so urgently, we will say nothing here. Real refreshment is to be found in the breezy and tonic air of this book, whose pungent humour and shrewd character-sketching justify us in advising our readers to procure "Dr. Congalton's Legacy" for their own delectation.

A curiously antique flavour pervades Mr. Sydney Hodges's pleasant and sprightly novel, "When Leaves Were Green." This impression is, perhaps, partly due to the fact that both plot and personages have previously done duty in so many other novels as to assume a very familiar aspect in the reader's eyes. But it is not this mere lack of originality which renders the book an old-fashioned one. The story is altogether of the class which pleased our fathers thirty years ago: sentimental, rhetorical, long-winded, and eminently decorous. Its gentle heroines—they are many in number—are greatly given to screaming, fainting, and pining away; its hero is very juvenile and amazingly ingenious; while its villains, male and female, are persons of audacious criminality, to whom forgery, bigamy, and even murder seem matters of everyday life. Mr. Hodges, in fact, takes an innocent delight in all the time-honoured conventions of fiction. But, though "When Leaves Were Green" is occasionally tedious and invariably gushing, it is never disfigured by coarseness or flippant cynicism, and there is real merit in the charming descriptions of English scenery which stud the book, while its genial tone renders the story far pleasanter reading than the generality of recent novels. Glyn Beverley, the hero, is an artist, and it is in the pursuit of his profession that he first encounters the two fair women by whom his after-life is dominated. Blanche Venables, the "leading lady" of the domestic drama played in this story, is the real goddess of young Beverley's soul; but, unfortunately for himself, he is weak enough to fall a prey to the blandishments of a certain pretty widow, whom he marries, and with whom he leads a highly infelicitous existence. Finally, he makes the startling discovery that their union has been a bigamous one—the second of its kind in the lady's case, be it noted. Thereupon the poor young man summons up sufficient courage to shake off the yoke of his unlawful spouse, and, after bewailing his many sorrows for a space, is eventually consoled by a more legitimate alliance with his early love. Meanwhile, the principal villain has been running a career of unbridled wickedness, including the attempted murder of Glyn Beverley, and has been, very properly, rewarded by a violent death. So all ends satisfactorily—at any rate, for the good people of the story—and "all's right with the world" in the comfortable way dear to old-fashioned novelists. There are, probably, many survivors of a past generation who will enjoy "When Leaves Were Green." To them we may safely commend the book, which is by no means devoid of merit.

Some intangible charm, clinging like a vague perfume about the pages of the oddly-named novel, "The Power of the Dog," seems to lay a spell upon the natural ferocity of the reviewer, and to subdue him into a mood of unwonted mildness. But one thing we must and will say to the author of this pretty story. She may, if it so pleases her,

masquerade upon the title-page as "Rowland Grey," but beneath that masculine pseudonym we detect, with almost absolute certainty, the feminine nature of the writer. The book is, indeed, peculiarly feminine in tone and feeling. Grace and refinement are its most striking characteristics, and one feels assured that the lavish sympathy, the tenderness of touch, and sensitive delicacy which endue this novel with so dainty a charm are all unmistakable manifestations of its author's sex. But, however this may be, upon one point, at least, no doubt exists in our mind—namely, that "The Power of the Dog" is an admirably written, wholesome, and interesting tale. Rowland Grey possesses a pleasant sense of humour, which lends a touch of brightness to what is in the main a sombre story. It is the story of two marriages, and of the power of lawless passion to wreck the happiness of two homes. An old story enough, it is true, but here it is retold with sufficient subtlety of analysis and acuteness of perception to redeem it from the charge of being commonplace. In drawing the vividly contrasting characters of the two wives—Philippa Favrant and Isabel Sarel—the author has shown considerable skill and judgment. Mrs. Favrant, brilliantly beautiful, rich, clever, and yet filled with a sullen resentment against her lot in life, serves as an effective foil to the unselfish, humble-minded woman depicted in Mrs. Sarel, the artist's wife. And when Philippa, whose own husband is a man of fine character, still her devoted lover, turns eyes of covetous passion upon the rather limp and nebulous figure of the handsome artist, the reader trembles for Isabel's imperilled happiness in the inevitable conflict. Philippa is armed with the double fascination of her great beauty and her overmastering passion, whilst poor Isabel is only a faded and spiritless creature in comparison with so gorgeous a rival. But here, in a crisis of gravest importance, intervenes "the power of the dog," and Rowland Grey's whimsical choice of a title for her novel is justified by the events which follow. We confess we do not care for the melodramatic solution of the moral and social problem propounded in these pages. It is an inartistic method, and savours too strongly of cutting the Gordian knot. One fancies that the author might have grappled with the difficult situation she had evolved in some way more satisfactory than by introducing a rabid dog whose discriminating faculty leads it to bite the erring artist just in time to prevent his flight with his temptress. This crude and *bizarre* scrap of melodrama is the only jarring element in a novel which, in all other respects, is singularly engaging. On the whole, "The Power of the Dog" must be pronounced a book of charm and of promise.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE has just been added to the series devoted to Heroes of the Nations a monograph on "Jeanne d'Arc." It is written by Mrs. Oliphant, and though there are small signs in its pages of exceptional knowledge, it has distinct claims on the score of insight and skill in the more imaginative aspects of literary portraiture. Mrs. Oliphant writes with much rhetorical fervour, and her leanings in the interpretation of so wonderful a career are always more sympathetic than critical. The book is, in fact, perfervid and impassioned—slightly too much so, indeed, for sober tastes; but the story of the valiant maid of France is of a kind to stir even cold natures to enthusiasm, by reason of the modest nobility and modest self-sacrifice which it reveals. "I have no desire," states Mrs. Oliphant, "to lessen our guilt, whatever cruelty may have been practised by English hands against the Heavenly Maid." And much she admits was practised—the iron cage, the chains, the brutal guards, to say nothing of the final stake. Yet, after all, the crowning disgrace lies nearer home, for it was "by French wits and French ingenuity that she was tortured for three months and betrayed to her death." The general view which is taken in these days of Jeanne d'Arc's place in history is that she was the first and greatest of patriots and champions in France, as well as a girl-warrior distinguished as much for humility as for valour. As to the mystical element in the character of the Maid, it is well that Mrs. Oliphant's own words should be quoted:—"I am not disturbed by the apparition of the saints; there is in them an ineffable appropriateness and fitness against which the imagination, at least, has not a word to say. The wonder is not, to the natural mind, that such interpositions of heaven come, but that they come so seldom. But that Jacques d'Arc's daughter, the little girl over her sewing, whose only fault was that she went to church too often, should have the genius of a soldier, is too bewildering for words to say. A poet, yes, an inspiriting influence leading on to miraculous victory; but a general, skilful with the rude artillery of the time, divining the better way in strategy—this is a wonder beyond the reach of our faculties; yet, according to Alençon, Dunois, and other military authorities, it was true." The book is lavishly illustrated, and the frontispiece consists of a fine reproduction of a splendid statue of Jeanne d'Arc by the Princess Marie of Orleans, which now adorns the Gallery at Versailles.

Quite recently we noticed in this column a volume of examples of English political eloquence, and now, by an odd but undesigned coincidence, we find ourselves confronted with a somewhat similar collection of "American Orations." The speeches contained in the volume before us have been edited, with introductions, by Professor Alexander Johnston, and Professor J. A. Woodburn has added historical and explanatory notes. It is the first of a series of four volumes, and it covers the old colonial days, the struggle for independence, the growth of the constitutional government and democratic principles, and the evolution of the American Commonwealth. The other volumes are to be devoted to the anti-slavery struggle, the divided counsels which led to the Civil War, the later epoch of reconstruction, and the controversy over Free Trade and Protection in recent years. It is clear, if we may accept the method adopted in the present volume as typical of the general plan, that the speeches have been selected not merely as specimens of political oratory, but because they throw light upon the most crucial epochs and issues in the history of the American people. Sixteen representative orators and statesmen are placed under contribution in this opening instalment of the work, and the period covered is from 1761 to 1837. Madison's great speech on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution, made at the Convention of Virginia in 1788, rightly holds a prominent place, because of its masterly exposition of the issues and principles involved in such a form of government. Scarcely less remarkable are the speeches delivered on various critical occasions by Adams and Jefferson, Quincey and Clay, Randolph and Webster. The historical and explanatory notes are of real value to political students, since they not merely describe the position and antecedents of each orator but the circumstances under which he spoke. Care has also been taken to render plain any allusions in the text which have become obscure through lapse of time.

Under the title of "A Cuban Expedition" Mr. J. H. Bloomfield gives a racy, realistic account of his own adventures, as a youth, as a member of a hair-brained buccaneering party which was organised in New York to go to the help of the inhabitants of Cuba in one of their periodical insurrections against the despotic rule of Spain. He was a mere lad at the time, filled with romantic dreams, and was fired with the ambition to do his part towards assisting the Cubans in their struggle for independence. The expedition was fitted out and despatched—of course, by stealth—from New York; and these pages describe the author's adventures as a military volunteer in the Queen of the Antilles. He does not profess to know much about the political differences between the Cubans and Spain; but there is probably truth in the assertion that the world is never likely to know the sufferings which have been endured or the number of lives which have been thrown away in baffled rebellions in the West Indies. The description which Mr. Bloomfield gives of the progress through the island of the little band of invaders, and of their victories and defeats until they were compelled to make a forced and disastrous return to the coast, is uncommonly interesting. The methods of warfare adopted on both sides were savage and barbarous; and the author contrives to leave a vivid impression of the escapades and perils of his youth.

"If someone had told me a few years ago," said Mr. Gladstone not long since, "what progress co-operation was about to make, I should have said that he was talking of a vision of Utopia." In scarcely any direction has co-operation achieved so much—and this is especially true in regard to Germany,

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*JEANNE D'ARC: HER LIFE AND DEATH. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Makers of Florence," etc. Illustrated. (Heroes of the Nations.) London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AMERICAN ORATIONS: STUDIES IN AMERICAN POLITICAL HISTORY. Edited, with Introductions, by Alexander Johnston; re-edited, with Historical Notes, by J. A. Woodburn. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A CUBAN EXPEDITION. By J. H. Bloomfield. London: Downey & Co.

PEOPLE'S BANKS: A RECORD OF SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC SUCCESS. By Henry W. Wolff. Second Edition. London: P. S. King & Son.

THE TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE: "MACBETH" AND "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA." Two Vols. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. Illustrated. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

THE LONDON MANUAL AND MUNICIPAL YEAR-BOOK, 1896-1897. Office of *London*, 125, Fleet Street, E.C.

Italy, and Switzerland—as in social economics and popular finance; and this circumstance lends significance to Mr. Wolff's admirable exposition of the facts and forces covered by the phrase "People's Banks." We are not surprised that a new edition of such a record of progress has been called for, since Mr. Wolff writes with an easy mastery of the entire subject and a due sense of responsibility. The book, in consequence, abounds in explicit and detailed statements and illustrative facts and figures, which may be assailed but cannot be refuted by even the most hopeless cynic. Whatever originality there may be in the methods adopted to establish a network of co-operative credit, the principles on which the system is based are the old-fashioned virtues of thrift and self-help. In many parts of Europe people's banks are springing up, and are producing excellent moral as well as economic results, by throwing an element of fresh hope and self-respect into the lives of small shopkeepers, artisans, and labourers. It is a truism, of course—though one which is apt to be forgotten—that what gives the capitalist his advantage is not his hard cash, but the credit which that cash commands, and which increases its producing power often at a dangerous ratio. The aim of the people's banks is to discover means for giving credit to those who have no security to offer in exchange. Sir Robert Morier once declared that the skilled artisans of the community are as good a subject for a mortgage as the steam-mill which supplies it with flour, or the broad acres which furnish the corn for the mill. The difficulty, of course, consists in assigning to the creditor a lien on safe terms on the former as well as on the latter. The capitalisation of honesty and capacity is the point which Schulze-Delitzsch and other pioneers of modern credit and co-operation set themselves to solve, and these pages show the practical results of the movement. The whole book reads like a commentary on Jules Simon's words: "Le plus grand banquier du monde est celui qui dispose de l'obole du prolétaire."

We have received two new volumes of the exquisite and dainty Temple Shakespeare—*Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Both were originally printed in the first folio, and both were quaintly described in the books of the Stationers' Company as being plays "not formerly entered to other men." Campbell regarded *Macbeth* as our greatest possession in dramatic poetry, and yet, unluckily, the original text, as Mr. Gollancz points out, is one of the worst printed of all the plays, and in this respect it differs widely from *Antony and Cleopatra*, which Coleridge thought was by far the most wonderful of Shakespeare's historical plays. As usual, there is in each volume scholarly notes, an admirable photogravure frontispiece, and a brief glossary of archaic terms.

We have received "The London Manual," a concise epitome of facts and statistics, gathered from official sources, or else authoritatively revised, on the government and institutions of the metropolis. It appears that the total cost of London government is £12,200,000, which, in other words, is equal to a rate of seven shillings and fourpence in the pound. Out of this total the administration of the Poor Law costs very nearly three millions sterling a year. The book is uncommonly well arranged.

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